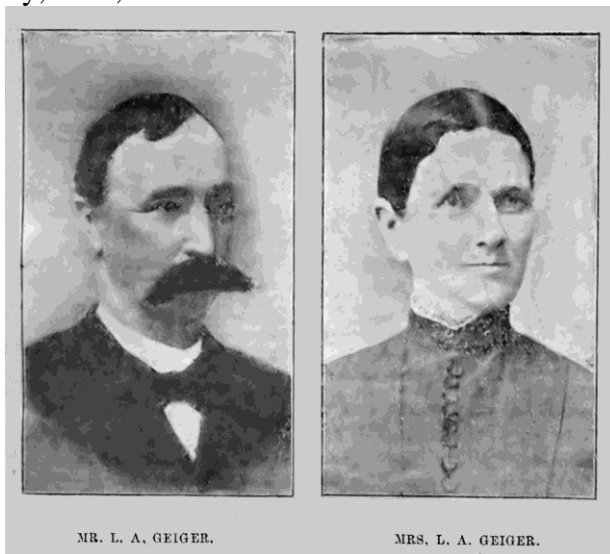


Clay Clement – A Theatrical Family
By John M. Clement

The name Clay Clement has been used by four generations of theatrical people. Our story begins way back when William Geiger and his brother Barnhardt had emigrated from Saxony and William eventually settled in Dauphin County, Pennsylvania. Various accounts differ as to William's politics. He may have been a Tory, but he is mentioned in an account of Revolutionary War Heroes. The brothers are listed as renting property in York County.

William and Elizabeth (a French woman) had seven children listed in the census: Christian, William Jr., Nancy Elizabeth, Jacob, John and Barbara. The eldest Christian Geiger Sr. (1826-1905) married Catherine Snyder and had seven children: Christian Jr., Sarah, Louis A, William, Mary, John, and Jacob.



**Louis A. and Rachel Warfel Geiger
1904 (Geiger scrapbook)**

Christian Jr. (1826-1905) moved to El Paso, Ill and married Sarah Webb Young (1835-1895). They had four children: Clement Laird Geiger (Dec 21, 1863-Feb 21, 1910), Julian (1868-1913), Josephine (1862-1900) and Julia (1868-before 1880). Neither sister had any children. This is where the plot thickens.



**Josephine Geiger Baker 1890s
(Geiger scrapbook)**



Christian Geiger and Julian's daughter circa 1897

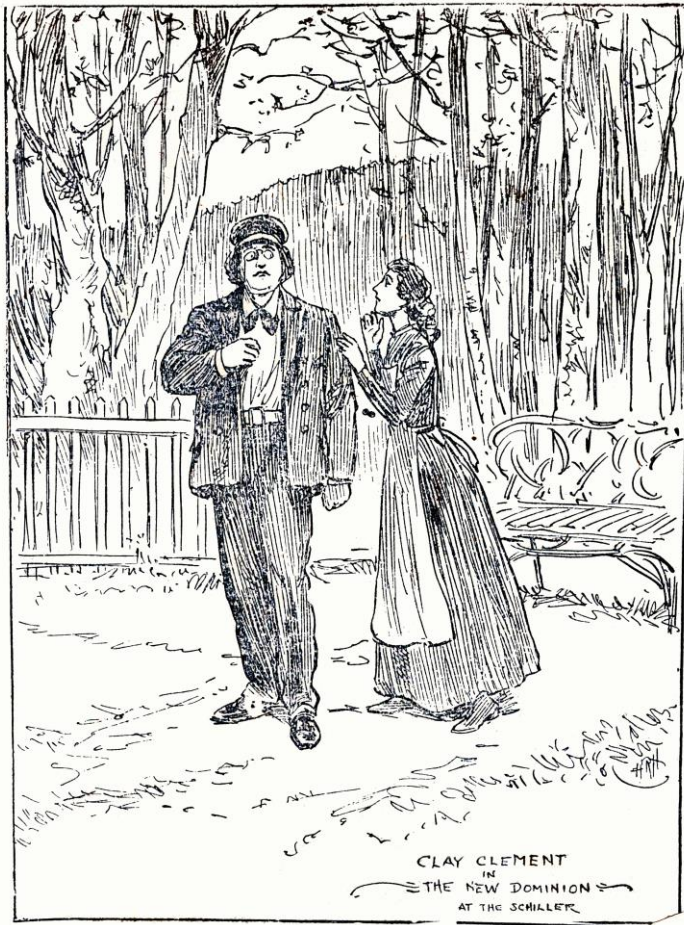
Minnie and Julian Geiger (Geiger scrapbook)

Christian and son Julian were conservative farmers in Green Township, Illinois. By contrast Clement was sent to study at the University of Chicago prep school. He then went to the old University of Chicago class of 1886, but only attended 3 years before it closed. According to "The Shield" published by Phi Kappa Psi in Oct 31, 1895 he was a brother in the fraternity. He then read the law for one year with Judge W. L. Snell in Chicago.

Clement's father went to visit him and was dismayed to find that his son was acting in a play, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. He told his son that he was a disgrace and could not use the family name. So at that point Clement Geiger became Clay Clement. According to an obituary by Florence Barlow Ruthrauff the name "Clay" was because his mother was a Clay from Kentucky.

Clay Clement continued to act. He married an actress Martha Ann Marshall (Jan 25, 1864–Jan 22, 1897) Jul 4, 1886 who used the stage name Matti(e) Marshall, or possibly Madeleine. The wedding was reputedly a shotgun wedding and the bride's father told Clay that he could not divorce Matti. They had one son Claudius Geiger in May 19, 1888, who was named after the character Clay was playing in *Hamlet*. In Aug 16, 1894 The NY Times reports that Matti won an abandonment suit. Matti went to live with her father, Joseph Leon Marshall in Cincinnati after she and Clay were estranged. Matti's mother Mary Wilson was from Canada and her father came from England.

Clay became a noted actor all over North America and also toured Australia and Europe. He was uniformly praised for his acting, except in New York where he got mixed reviews. He was also his own best publicist and was notoriously difficult to work with. Many directors refused to handle him, so he often directed his plays. He also wrote several plays *The New Dominion* 1894, *With Other Eyes*; 1 act 1898, *A Southern Gentleman* 1897, *Ping Pong* 1902, *In Hampton Roads* 1904, *Idols* (with Charles E. Banks), *A Timely Awakening*; 1 act 1904, and *Sam Houston* 1906 (with John McGovern and Jesse Edson). These are listed in "Dramatic compositions copyrighted in the United States, 1870 to 1916. He and Matti reputedly had a reparatory company at the Old Century Theatre in New York City.



Clay Clement in the New Dominion
(Geiger scrapbook)

THE FLOWER SPEECH.

*As Spoken by Mr. Clay Clement in
"The New Dominion."*

The kind of flower I allude to is indigenous to all climates. It has been known to the most superficial students of botany from the very earliest historical records, and has flourished in various degrees of perfection ever since. The first mention is made of it, I believe, In the Bible. It was then found only in the Garden of Eden. It is not of a tuberous nor yet of bulbous origin; strange to say, this flower developed from a rib, from one of the genus homo. This appears to be the most wonderful and yet the best product of that species. It is also the only similar product that sprang from the same source, although billions upon billions of ribs have since been planted at all seasons of the year, and in all kinds of soil.

It appears that in the early development of this flower had a very scanty foliage-at first none at all-but nowadays the foliage is often so varied and extravagant in design and quantity as to puzzle the most learned

scientists.

This flower has always exercised a powerful influence over the actions of man. In an imperfect condition, it breeds sorrow, crime and death; but when given half a chance, it elevates man from a barbarous root-eater to the noblest being in all creation; makes him considerate of his fellow man, inspires in him a love for the beautiful of this world, it makes brighter the sunshine, and gives comfort in the darkness; and when the cold hand of death rests upon his brow, that flower breathes in his ear a sweet hope that wafts his soul away from this world on her fragrant bosom to the great unknown.

This Genus is commonly called "Woman."

His play *Sam Houston* was a great success in Texas of course. *The New Dominion* was one of his reliable successes, according to Willa Cather, where he played a transplanted German in the US. The flower speech from it was reprinted in a number of newspapers. He played Nathaniel in "The Bells" and the title roles in his own plays, as well as many other parts. The various pictures and drawings of him show many dramatic poses.

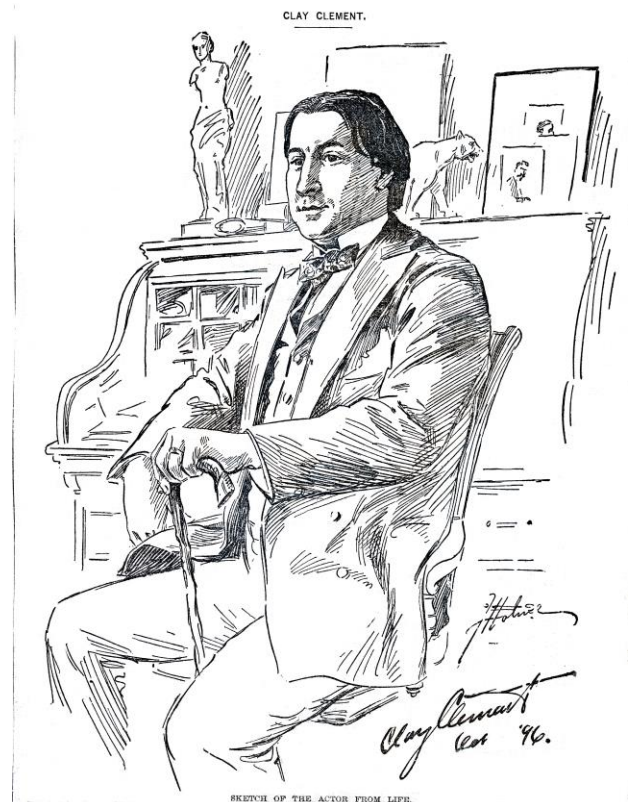
He was a notorious ladies man about town. My father told the story about how he was walking with his parents on the boardwalk and an older actress saw them. She greeted my Father as the new Clay Clement and then said she "knew his grandfather very very well". Everyone knew what she meant. It seems that every actress of a certain age said the same thing. After Matti died in Jan 25 1897 he married Karra Kenwyn July 20, 1897 for whom he wrote the leading role in *The New Dominion*. But his wanderlust could not be quenched so he divorced her to marry Kathleen Kerrigan (1868-1957) on Sept 5, 1906. Kathleen had divorced Walter J Stevenson, and

both divorces were days before she eloped with Clay. He and Kathleen toured in various plays and performed for the Queen of Hawaii.

He was very generous with his money and would give it to down and out actors, so he was bankrupt in 1901. He went home to his family for help and found that his father had deeded the family farm to brother Julian. Clay was furious and thought that he should have had a share even though he was the prodigal son. Julian offered him \$10,000 for his share but Clay refused it. So Clay sued his father claiming that the old man was insane. In the end he lost the suit and the

money.

He died in Kansas City, Missouri on Feb 21, 1910. His second wife Karra attended his death bed. His body was collected by his good friend Col. Sheb Williams and he was buried in the Williams family plot in Paris, TX. According to my cousin and a U. Chicago publication, he and Sheb had a pact to bury the other in Paris. Kathleen survived him and moved to Hollywood to live with her brother, Warren Kerrigan, and his boyfriend. Kathleen made a few movies but never remarried, and Warren was one of the stars of silent pictures.



1804-1897 Clay Clement in "*The New Dominion*"



Clay Clement, Karra Kenwyn in "*A Southern Gentleman*"

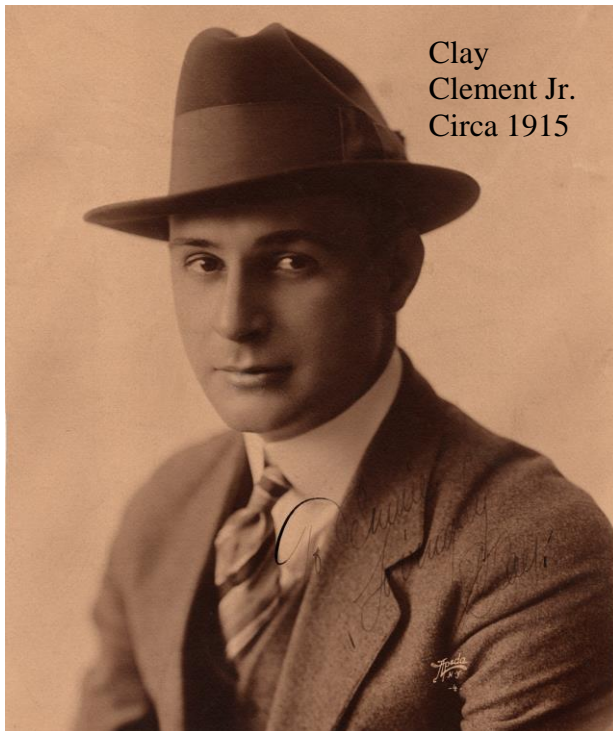


Kathleen Kerrigan.

Right: Karra Kenwyn circa 1897 courtesy of Valerie Yaros. She used Mrs. Clay Clement during the marriage, but reverted to her maiden name after the divorce.

Kathleen Kerrigan from *Moving Picture World* Nov. 1913





Clay
Clement Jr.
Circa 1915

The story continues with his only son Claudius (May 19, 1888-Oct 20, 1956). Claudius was born in Lebanon, Ohio in May 19, 1888. The Geigers called him Claude. Claudius was put into a boarding school after his mother died, but he was also bitten by the acting bug. His father was adamant that his son would not become an actor, but Claudius was not dissuaded. He also used the name Clay Clement and is often referred to as Clay Clement Jr. Clay Sr. was not very nice to his son and Clay Jr hated his father. He liked Karra his first stepmother and blamed Kathleen for breaking up the marriage. According to his son Clay Jr. and Sr. once were in the same town in different shows. They accidentally ate at the same restaurant but never spoke to each other. The movie studios tried to reconcile Clay with his step-mother while he was in Hollywood, but he refused.

Clay attended Northern Illinois College where he played football according to a playbill, but his college record has not been found. His first documented play appearance is in 1909 in *The Dollar Mark*. The NY Times May 20, 1928 quotes Clay that he got his first part on Christmas 1907, age 19, as a gift by request of his parents. He appeared in a number of plays and also silent films in 1918, 1919. He was cast as the leading man in some of the films. His first great success, according to his son, was in *Aloma* 1926 where he took the lead as Nuitane when it went to London. A lot of the success of the play may actually be due to the leggy ladies in short sarongs. He survived the depression in the 1930s by going to Hollywood where he was in over 88 movies and even had star billing in a few. He went back to New York to return to his love, the theater. He and his wife were able to live comfortably in a house in Huntington that he purchased with his Hollywood earnings. He also did a few TV shows 1949-1952.



Nuitane (CLAY CLEMENT) Aloma (VIVIENNE OSBORNE)
An Idyll of the South Seas.
The Play Pictorial #293 "Aloma" 1926

He married an actress Mary Frey (Nov 9, 1888-May 3, 1947) Oct 15, 1909 and they had one son John Marshall Clement who was born in Brooklyn Sept 2, 1910. They had a happy marriage, but still could have loud discussions according to their daughter in law. Mary is listed as being in *The Strawberry Blonde* 1927 and *Maggie the Magnificent* 1929. She was the female understudy in *Craig's Wife*. She retired from the theater to save the marriage, but still was in a movie *Night of Terror* where she played opposite Bela Lugosi. According to their son the séance scene in *Night of Terror* was filmed during an aftershock of the Long Beach earthquake. Since the actors had been from the stage theater world they kept on going, but had very intense expressions. The director was so pleased that he said there would be no retakes. Mary also wrote several plays one of which is in the Library of Congress. According to their son, they saw a movie based on one of her plays that had been submitted to a studio. It was word for word identical in the dialog, but she was never credited. One suspects that this was a common studio practice. Mary shared Clay's distaste for the movies. She once said to Cagney, "You don't take these seriously?", meaning the movies. He replied "Of course I do", and never spoke to them again, according to their son.



Top: John & Mary Frey Clement 1915 Kansas City

Below: Clay Clement as Desperate Desmond, Erin O'Brien-Moore as Rosamond, unknown as Claude Eclairre Circa 1925



Both of them were active in trying to improve the working conditions of actors. Clay was on the first board of the Screen Actors Guild and is included as a founding member. He had union card #2 because the numbers were drawn by lots. Mary used her contacts at the Dominoes Club to bring in new members to SAG.

Clay played in over 21 first run plays in New York plus many engagements in other cities as well as summer stock. He was in *High Button Shoes*,

Captain Brassbund's Conversion (revival), and *Rosalie* to name a few. *Rosalie* was later made into a movie where Clay and Frank Morgan were the only cast members to reprise their

Broadway roles. Among his notable films he was in *Manhattan Tower* 1932, *The Thin Man* 1934, *Don't Bet on Blondes* 1935, *Whipsaw* 1935, *Each Dawn I Die* 1939, *The Girl from Rio* 1939, *Boomerang* 1949 (filmed in NJ). He appears as Dr. Evans in the 1952 Celanese Theater TV production of *On Borrowed Time*. He was often cast as the heavy and even had star billing in *Whipsaw*. He was the central character in a camp classic *House of Mystery* 1934. All of these are available as videos.

Although he and Mary were deeply in love, sometimes romance can be bumpy. When they were newlyweds he decided to go into a tobacco shop where Broadway crosses an avenue. It was wedge shaped and had two doors. He asked Mary to wait as women were discouraged from entering. An hour later he still had not appeared so she went in and asked about the gentleman who came in earlier. She was told he left by the other door, so she went home. She was greeted by Clay at the door with "Where the hell have you been"? How can you forget your new bride?

Top: Sally Blaine & Mary Frey in "Night of Terror"
Below: Clay Clement & Movita in "Girl from Rio"



"NIGHT OF TERROR" WITH BELA "DRACULA" LUGOSI, SALLY BLAINE, WALLACE FORD, TULLY MARSHALL. COLUMBIA PICTURE. MADE IN U.S.A.

Another incident was Belle Bennet when they had moved to San Francisco and he was leading man at a playhouse in 1920. The playhouse had a tie in with the Hearst paper, The Examiner. Belle had obtained her position because she was a friend of Marion Davies, Hearst's mistress. The whole "scandal" was on the first page of the second section of the Examiner. Belle was after Clay, and he even told Mary about it. So when Belle spilled rouge on his lapel "which she used professionally, of course", Clay complained. In those days actors owned their costumes.

Then Belle's father accused Clay of manhandling her in a fight scene on stage. One thing led to another and Belle's father sued Clay, so Clay countersued for defamation of character. The management announced it would lock the auditorium doors to prevent summons serving during the play. In the end both men withdrew their suits and Belle's maid cleaned the lapel. Belle apologized and said that Clay "was so forceful". Shortly after that Clay left for a good part in New York.



Monogram Pictures presents "GIRL FROM RIO" with MOVITA and WARREN HULL. printed in U. S. A.



Clay & Mary Clement with Othello, Huntington, NY, 1943

Clay went bald very early. The early pictures show quickly thinning hair. Mary had to have a medical procedure which required shaving her head, but her hair came back thicker and curlier. So Clay tried it, and his came back as just a monks fringe. He hated wearing toupees, but it was necessary on stage. In one small Midwestern town after his show he went back to his hotel and asked the elevator boy to hold the car while he changed his coat. He changed quickly and put his toupee on the dresser. As the car descended the elevator boy kept on looking up, catching quick looks at the instantly bald head.

Mary always learned her part when she first got a script, but Clay always procrastinated, which drove her crazy. One time he was directing *Treasure Island* and played Long John Silver. He ran out of time and decided to put a copy of the script behind the campfire. Unfortunately during the opening show it burned up, so he had to adlib the campfire scene.

He spent his last years living with his son's family in Mannsville, NY and died on Oct 20, 1956 in Watertown. His ashes were mingled with those of his dear wife Mary.

The theatrical bug did not completely go away with Clay Jr. John M. Clement Sr. (Sep 2, 1910-Apr 6, 2002) was a child actor, also under the name of Clay Clement, so he would have been Clay Clement III. He attended Peekskill Military Academy, but accompanied his parents in the summer. He used to reminisce about staying with the Barrymores at the Hamptons. However the bug was not as strong so he quit the stage because it was too hard on the family. When he returned from WWII his son didn't know him so when he was offered an acting job that would take him away from his family he turned it down. He didn't want his children to go to boarding school, as he did, with an absent father. He used the name Marsh because he didn't want his son John Jr. to be sonny or junior.

Clay Clement III, Kansas City, 1915

The theater was still a strong influence on his life. He met his wife, Dorothy Pohl, in Hollywood while her step-father, Arthur Vinton and Clay Sr. played poker.



Arthur was a noted stage, film, and radio actor. Later Arthur was a regular on *The Shadow* and many other radio shows, usually as the heavy. Arthur purchased an old farm in upstate New York and eventually made a lot of money on turkeys. Marsh was in the motor pool during the war and later a Ford mechanic. He went to work for Arthur and thought that he could also do well with turkeys. He purchased a farm in far upstate New York, Mannsville. Unfortunately the price of turkeys hit rock bottom and the farm eventually was not profitable. All three of the first Clay Clement line were members of the Lambs Club, the oldest theatrical club, and Clay Sr. was one of the earliest members.

The theatrical bug still flickered in a later generation. Clay Geiger Clement, Marsh's grandson, worked in post-production for one movie. Whether or not the theatrical tradition will continue in the family is yet to be determined.



1924 "Shipwrecked" Clay Clement jr, Gilda Leary, Edmund Elton, Joseph R Garry
"Clay Clement, the object of adorations, some of them for his acting as the hero"
NY Times Nov 13, 1924



Top Left: 1936 "The Leathernecks have Landed", Isabell Jewell, Clay Clement

Top Right: 1939 "Society Smugglers" Clay Clement, Irene Hervey

Left: 1939 "Girl from Rio" Clay Clement, Movita

Picture restoration by J. Clement





Oct 7, 1929 Clay Clement, Effie Shannon – *“House of Fear”*

Clay Clement Biography (from Geiger scrapbook)

His First Appearance Was Made as a Super Out in California Twelve Years Ago.

Later Life and Characters He Has Essayed.

A man's life belongs to himself; the results are a part of his environment, and make or mar as he may choose. To some are given opportunities to achieve success in the lesser walks of life, to others the stars are their empyrean. Talent and genius have their places, and he who has even a modicum of one or the other, properly directed, may win the goal. Genius is all-creative: it hews for itself a way out of solidest blocks of stone—forms a foothold in darkest tarn—scales the heights—and wins ultimate fame by deserving it. Such is perforce the struggle of man for age upon age,¹ and the end is as the beginning.

The literarian and the actor—twin brothers both—have much in common, much that appeals to the soul-sense; and the one is not greater than the other, although the two combined may be doubly so. The creative genius lives in each. The art of the stage is not the art of imitation, but of creation. An actor creates a part even as the author delves into his thought to drag forth its literary gem.

Art is art; the reflection of nature and the created may not be greater than the creator.

In dealing with one who has found favor on the stage, I have no wish to be declared a censor, rather a chronicler. My opinions are my own, and whether you believe or disbelieve, what does it matter?

Clay Clement was born thirty-two years ago on his parents' farm at Panola, Ill. His mother was a Kentucky girl of English ancestry, who, early in life, with her parents removed to St. Louis where she received her early education. When 12 years of age the family removed to Peoria, Ill., and there she remained until Mr. Clement's father won her heart and hand and bore her across the river and 30 miles beyond where, on a beautiful farm near Panola, she spent the residue of her life, which closed last summer.

While in Peoria Mr. Clement's mother was a social favorite, and she evinced great interest in the drama. Her talent, however, was never developed outside of her circle of acquaintances, where she oftentimes took part in local theatricals.

One of her most ardent admirers was a brilliant young lawyer who has since won name and fame by his genius, his eloquence, and his original thought. This youthful cavalier was Robert G. Ingersoll. It was the pride of the matron to tell her son how in her early life she was once chosen queen of May and crowned with fitting solemnity by the youthful lawyer in a masterful speech.

A sturdy, proud, honorable, quick-tempered, iron-willed and golden-hearted man, of French-German stock, the former on his mother's and the latter on his father's side, Mr. Clement's father thought the stage folly. But as soon as he could stand and talk, Mr. Clement's mother taught her son to say:

"My name is Norval;

On the Grampian hills my father feeds his flocks."

And long before he could read, the boy had a toga, and, decked out in classic Roman garb, he would recite the speech of Spartacus to the gladiator and Marc Anthony's oration over Caesar's dead body. It was his father's grief that his son should be so "ruined."

After a common school education and an academic course at home, Mr. Clement became a student of the University of Chicago, receiving a diploma from the preparatory department in the classical course and entering upon the regular college career in the same course.

After three years he became impatient to begin the struggle of life, and, to the dissatisfaction of his father, Mr. Clement left college¹. The farthest point on the map to him was California, and thither he removed to win for himself fame and riches.

Inside of two months the youth who was to achieve greatness sold his vest for five cents to buy food. After a weary round of monotonous hardships, varied by all kinds of hard labor, from butchering a hog to pressing hay, Mr. Clement one day found his way to the stage door of the Grand Opera house in San Francisco. Unlike most young persons who aspire to tread the boards, Mr. Clement had never hung about stage doors, nor did he ever personally know any one employed upon a stage.

A play called "Chispa" was being performed, and supers were required. Mr. Clement sat about a stage saw mill and ate a phantom dinner that would have proved more palatable had it been real. After three days' waiting the supernumerary asked for pay, and was turned into the street.

The next venture was as a book agent at Redwood, Cal., but this was a losing venture, and, thoroughly

¹ According to the U. Chicago alumni news he did not graduate because the old university closed.

disheartened, Mr. Clement was about to question the to-be as Hamlet did. when he was attracted to a billboard upon which it was set forth that the famous “Frank Wilton Romance company” would soon pay that place a visit. A meeting with the managers led to Mr. Clement's engagement for six months at nothing per week. Three days after his engagement, which was on May 10, 1883, Mr. Clement played his first part. It was the Judge, or Lacon, in “The Cigar Girl of Cuba.” After this he played small parts in such plays as “East Lynne,” “Ten Nights in a Barroom,” and also a number of the old farces.

One night the old lady who played Cornelia in “East Lynne” deserted the company, and Mr. Clement was cast for the part—his first character part, by the way, in which he gained no little applause. Next the Irish comedian of the Romance company turned from the rocky way of stage life and Mr. Clement understudied him, being “property man” as well.

At the end of six months Mr. Clement was rescued by his sister, went east, joined several repertoire companies, and finally met Daniel Edward Bandmann², the eminent German comedian, whose eccentricities and love of art led him to play sometimes in the higher-priced theaters, and again in museums to the common people, whom he loved, that they might be educated to a love for and an appreciation of the classic and Shakespearian drama.

Mr. Bandmann knew nothing of Mr. Clement, yet he took him as leading man, and while in Germany the following summer the eminent tragedian purchased for his youthful support a wardrobe costing nearly \$1,000.

Mr. Clement was placed under the instruction of the famous swordsman, Col. Monsterry, when the youth became proficient in this invaluable branch of dramatic art.

While in Mr. Bandmann's company Mr. Clement played about a score of leading tragedy parts, including such roles as Othello, Melnotte, Romeo, Macduff, Richmond, Antonio, De Meauprat, etc.

Mr. Clement, in the course of conversation with the writer, said:

“It is My opinion that Mr. Bandmann is one of the greatest dramatic geniuses of the age. His retirement is a calamity. He is the only actor I have ever been associated with that I could justly regard as a master. He had moments of sublimity, and however familiar your associations with him, they affected you none the less. Art can be solved, genius is impenetrable. Bandmann was very eccentric, foolish, and, at times, unjust, but, never so to me. To me he was always kind and considerate: he spent much time and energy to instill in me some of the principles of his art, which was a blending of the French and German schools.

“It is so frequently that we nowadays hear thoughtless members of the profession speak lightly of Bandmann as an actor, while the utmost development of their artistic vision will never bring this great master within their view.

“Bandmann was an uneven actor, but this was the fault of his disposition, not his art.”

Mr. Clement relates an amusing instance which occurred once near Springfield, Mass. He and Mr. Bandmann were out for a walk, when they began discussing the third act of “Othello,” where the Moor takes Iago by the throat and hurls him to the floor.

They paused in the center of a little wood, and read and acted the scene twice. Bandmann was becoming thoroughly imbued with the spirit of it. His hat was off, and his long curls were flying in the breeze. They were just beginning the scene for a third time when, as Othello clutched Iago's throat, a sturdy woodman with uplifted ax rushed into the open with intent to make reality of the mock tragedy. Explanations even did not pacify him. And when he left finally, it was with the belief that he had encountered madmen.

When Mr. Clement finally parted with his Master, the great actor gave his ward a copy of his own Hamlet dress, and in this garb Mr. Clement made his first appearance as the philosophical Dane.

Before Mr. Clement attempted a tour at the head of a company he had served eight years' apprenticeship of a very thorough kind. He first played “The Bells” in a little summer company the season before he joined Bandmann.

Mr. Clement was last seen in Detroit in a play written by himself.

The story of “The New Dominion” is simple. A young German nobleman, while traveling incognito, and pursuing his favorite study of botany in Virginia, falls in love with the daughter of the planter at whose mansion he is staying. His host is all but ruined by the war and the subsequent financial panic, and his hostess persuaded his daughter to keep her hand free in order finally to marry the vulgarian who has inherited the blanket mortgage which threatens to wreck the old family home. The baron tells of his love, which is reciprocated, but vainly. He returns to the Fatherland, after having bought up the mortgage, which was a barrier to the joining of two kindred souls.

On Christmas the baron returns to the scene of his first love, and matters finally right themselves in the acceptable way.

The character of Baron Franz Victor Von Hohenstauffen is a beautiful study in quiet tones. It portrays the character of the cultivated and educated German—the gentleman of repose. It is a new character in stage literature, and because of its very uniqueness it won instant recognition.

² From Wikipedia: **Daniel E. Bandmann** (November 1, 1837 – November 23, 1905), was an internationally-known German-American Shakespearean actor who after retiring from the stage became a noted Montana rancher. In 1885 Bandmann published *An Actor's Tour: or, Seventy Thousand Miles with Shakespeare*, chronicling his repertoire company's near four year tour of the Asia-Pacific region over the early 1880s.

Baron Franz Victor Von Hohenstauffen has just that knowledge of the English language that a German would learn at one of the universities, who, when alone, excited or embarrassed, would fall naturally into his native tongue.

The German characters familiar to the stage are of the low comedian type. The history of this new type is quite a story. Told in Mr. Clement's own words, It is as follows:

"I was playing in San Francisco, starring at the head of a stock company, and when the engagement closed McKee Rankin, who was managing the show, wanted me to take part in a comedy. There was a German comedy part in the piece, and Mr. Rankin wanted me to take it. It was one of those ordinary cheap characters, and I refused. So he suggested that I write in a scene in the piece that would introduce a character that suited me. I wrote in the alphabet scene that is in this play, "The New Dominion," and it made a hit. That was what suggested this piece."

Essentially a study of character, analytical and painstaking, of necessity the play should be written around Von Hohenstauffen — "a play written by himself for himself," as one captious critic declares of Mr. Clement's "New Dominion." If it is a one-man play, it is also a one-idea play; and that is exactly what the artist has sought to typify. Beauty, refinement, nobleness—these, then, are the not uncertain characteristics of the character of Von Hohenstauffen. One should remember that by reason of then alone is the study made clear to us.

It has been charged that lack of "strong scenes" and of "stage climax" mar the play. In defense of this untenable ground, one may say that the purpose of "The New Dominion" was not to appeal to that element of one's nature. It is more directly to the mind and the soul—that when one leaves the theater the memory of its innate nobleness clings caressingly, goes with one wherever one may be, and makes life better for the living. If it does this to you, as it does to me, it has served its purpose. And as a character study alone, "The New Dominion" cannot die. It is one of the annals of the stage—a study for and of a lifetime.

For more than three years Mr. Clement has been presenting to American audiences the thrilling tragedy, "The Bells." His weird performance of Matthias won for him the encomiums of the critics. This somber, realistic play has perhaps been his masterpiece, at least so far as success may be the earnest of art. "The Bells" has been termed a self-acting play. Its central thought is remorse—remorse without repentance. Matthias murders a Polish Jew, robs him, and achieves success. But his dreams are haunted horribly and ever rings in his ears the sound of the sleigh-bells on the cutter and horse of the murdered Jew. In his dreams Matthias tells his story—re-enacts the crime—and dies with the somber tinkle—tinkle—tinkle of the silvery chimes ringing in his ears forever.

"The Bells" is a piece to make men to shiver and women to faint—to cause the solemnity of death, and worse, the living of a life "stained as with wine and made bloody," until the end.

Although different in method and conception Mr. Clement's performance is entitled to rank on a plane with that of the idol of the English stage, Sir Henry Irving.

Mr. Clement's Hamlet was more pleasing to the Shakspearean student than to those who have sat at the feet of the greatest artists of other days, and who can see no good in anything which breaks way from the old tradition of the melancholy Dane. The Hamlet of Shakspeare was not a mere madman, in Mr. Clement's conception; he was a cool, careful, deliberating man, whose sole end was revenge. First, for his uncle's winning of the throne which by right of election went to the king's brother. But his own absence in England, the prince believed, was the one thing which militated against the choice of him self to fill his father's place. The marriage of his mother to the murderer of his father—this was another motive for bloodletting which Hamlet could not permit to escape him. And so to its logical end the tragedy sweeps along, until, in the chamber scene, Hamlet stabs Polonius, believing him to be his own uncle—on to the finality of revengeful hate consummated.

If this conception be not acceptable to everyone, it is at least conceded to be reasonable; and yet it has found favor in the eyes of many thinkers.

The delineation of character is after all the ultimate end of the art of acting, the accessories of which merely go to throw into stronger relief the character drawing. And yet the world wags on and the varied studies of the character of Hamlet are misunderstood and misinterpreted.

In this connection Mr. Laurence Hutton, whose scholarly "Literary Notes" each month grace the pages of one of our leading magazines, says: "It is safe to assume that if Shakespeare himself could come back to the stage of life and play Othello and Hamlet at any one of the metropolitan theatres for one hundred nights, he would play to empty benches, and to the dissatisfaction of mere penmen, if his Hamlet or his Othello were not identical with that of Mr. Booth or of Signor Salvini."

It is difficult to declare wherein Mr. Clement excels. His art, like that of Poe's in literature, is many-sided; and, his charming rendering of comedy and tragedy as well as the subtle dramatic possibilities of that combination of sentiment—melodrama—leads one to declare that his genius is variform—all encircling. The world will hear more of Clay Clement.

EDWIN B. HILL.

Transcribed from a clipping in the Geiger scrapbook by John M. Clement. The author of the piece was a Texas author, tax collector and private printer, known for his excellent typography. Not much is known about him.

Acknowledgements

I would like to acknowledge Janet Geiger for providing the Geiger family scrapbook compiled by her grandfather Clement Alvin Geiger, nephew of Clay Clement. This book was a treasure trove of Geiger-Clement family history and pictures. In addition she provided a family genealogy compiled by her father which has been confirmed by census and marriage records. Clay Clement III (John Marshall Clement, Sr) provided much oral history about his parents.

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Dramatic Compositions Copyrighted in the United States, 1870 to 1916



John M. Clement, Jr (the author), Emily Chadwick Clement (his wife) at a Civil War ball, Jan 1980, Ashton Villa, Galveston, TX – Perhaps the tradition still lives in amateur performances. (3d photo)

Selected Clippings (from Geiger Family Scrapbook)

Mar 24, 2903 Peoria Star

3/24/03 "Star"
THE PEORIA

ANOTHER PRODIGAL SON.

But This Time the Wandering Youth Got No Calf.

Christian Geiger is the father of Clay Clement, a play actor who has achieved some reputation in his drama, "The New Dominion." The old man had two sons. One of them changed his name and went on the stage while the other stuck to the farm. About two years ago the father deeded about \$50,000 worth of property to Julian, the farmer, as a reward for his faithfulness. Last year Clay Clement, the other brother, was compelled to go through bankruptcy.

It being near the end of the theatrical season Clay went home dead broke recently and raised a great racket. He filed a petition to have his father declared insane for the purpose of laying a foundation of a suit to set aside the old man's deed. It was tried and the jury disagreed. Last week it came up for another trial and Attorney Joe Weil went over to Eureka to assist Attorney Bosworth of Ely Paso defend the old man against the actor's claim. The jury decided that he was not insane.

It is stated by the neighbors that Julian offered his brother \$10,000 in cash if he would withdraw the proceedings so as to save his aged father the embarrassment of being tried as an insane person, but Clement refused, as he wanted a bigger thing. Now he loses all. This is a variation of the biblical story of the prodigal son but things have changed a good deal since then.

CLEMENT AS "HAVRESACK."

Those who have been so fortunate as to go to Cordray's this week, since the new bill was put on Wednesday night, have seen one of the finest bits of character acting ever witnessed in Portland. We refer to Clay Clement as Havresack in the two-act drama entitled "Napoleon's Guard."

He is a retired, worn-out, aged veteran, who has followed La Petite Corporal from the snows of Russia to the burning sands of Africa—from the Volga to St. Helena. All through this he was a private; but upon his breast Napoleon has pinned the cross of the Legion of Honor, and it is more to him than wealth, or rank or station!

To say that Clement is the very personification of the aged veteran, would be but scant praise; to say that he rises every moment fully equal to the exact portrayal of the difficult role, would but little better express it.

In fact, he does not act the veteran—he is the veteran—and the tattered emblem upon his breast is something real, something for which he has given his five *garcons*, his health, his strength, but is still ready to give his life.

It is perfect. In voice, manner, pronunciation—in everything that goes to make such a sketch complete—he is simply perfect.

When he produced "The Bells" all thought it Clement's masterpiece, and so perhaps it is, as there is much more to it, and it gives better scope to his versatility; but for a half hour of revelry in the ethereal realms of the highest dramatic art, the part of Havresack must stand with him even above "The Bells."

HIS BEST WORK.

And it was in the time of his best theatrical work that Mr. Clement was stricken. As the drain man, an outcast brother in the play, "The Servant in the House." Mr. Clement appealed to the sensibilities of the audience with a striking way. The part was one of excellent acting and it was acting of a scale that Mr. Clement had never reached before. He made his first appearance here in the part of the drain man a year ago.

Of the forty-eight years in Clay Clement's life twenty-eight were spent upon the stage. It was a life of successes and failures, sandwiched through the years, a romantic life in which the actor-playwright was rich one day and poor the next, but always hopeful.

FOUR YEARS IN STOCK LEADS.

Four years as a leading man in a stock company was enough for Clement and then he began to think for himself—and write those thoughts. Gradually those thoughts were put on paper and when they were finished Clay Clement was the owner of something that was to carry him through many a difficulty and bring crowded houses.

In 1890 he finished and produced "The New Dominion." That wasn't the name then. Clement played the production under the character name of "Baron Hohenstauffen." The first performance was in the McDonough Theater in Oakland, Cal. The play was a success, but Clement's resources were small, so for a whole season "Baron Hohenstauffen" was hauled in one night stands from one little Western town to the other, while the author and star waited for the opportunity to learn if the real playgoing world would like it.

"THE NEW DOMINION" A SUCCESS.

One season became two seasons and two seasons became three. Finally, after five years, the opportunity came and Clement was given a week's booking in what is now the Powers Theater in Chicago. Once more the piece met with overwhelming success and the one week lengthened to three. That was a long run in 1895.

Clippings restored by J. Clement to improve readability. Unfortunately most had no attributions.

The original scans are provided in a separate zip file.

Only part of the scrapbook was scanned.

A REMNANT OF THE GENUINE ARTICLE.

One night not long ago Clay Clement and his company played "A Southern Gentleman" in one of the larger towns of Iowa.

While the people were filing into the theater there appeared in the lobby a picturesque person, who at once attracted the attention of John Martin, the manager of the company.

His clothes were seedy and showed the dust of travel. His hat suggested the cowboy, but the suit of confederate gray might well have been left over from the little tiff between the north and south.

He had brown whiskers streaked with clay color, and his nose had the quiet glow of an incandescent lamp just as the current is turned on.

He lounged into the theater with the air of one who owned the building and the street cars that ran in front of it. Yet he was not haughty. He looked upon the manager with a kindly eye and addressed him with a courtly politeness

pass into the theater," said the manager, "but I would suggest that you submit your claim to Mr. Clement. He is the adjuster of confederate claims for this firm and he may be able to see a reason for granting your request."

"Thank you, sah. Will you kindly inform me how I could see the gentleman, sah?"

"You cannot see him now, but if you will put your request into writing I will send it back to the stage to Mr. Clement."

In a moment he had written the following and pinned his well-worn badge to the note:

"Mr. Clay Clement, Sir: If you are really a southern gentleman this will be a voucher for me and will be returned with a proper pass to admit me to see your 'Southern Gentleman.'"

"W. A. PRESBREY.

"Monticello, Jasper County, Ga.

"Note—Please return the badge."

The note came back promptly, indorsed



"HE LOOKED UPON THE MANAGER WITH A KINDLY EYE."

which is seldom born into any man north of Mason and Dixon's line.

"How do you do, sah?" he began.

"How do you do?" replied Mr. Martin.

"Will this admit me to yo' performance, sah?" he asked, and he gave to Mr. Martin a soiled badge bearing the inscription "Co. A, 2d Georgia Volunteers."

"I hardly see why this should entitle you to

"O. K.; admit one. Clement," and was duly deposited in the compartment of the ticket box.

As the old soldier entered the doorway he turned and saluted Mr. Martin.

"I am glad to see, sah, that some of the old wah-time courtesy remains in our country," said he.

And Mr. Martin wondered why he was in Iowa.

Clay Clement Elopes.

—Three weeks ago we published an item wherein was mentioned the witnessing of Clay Clement and his new wife in a play in Kansas City by Clay's former spouse, known in stage parlance as Carra Kenwin, from whom he had just been divorced. The item stated that Carra occupied a box during the performance. Now comes last Tuesday's Chicago Examiner with pictures of all three of the parties to the romance and the following write-up of the new wedding, Clay's third venture on the matrimonial sea:

"Discovery was made today that Kathleen K. Stevenson, who was divorced September 5 from Morton J. Stevenson, eloped three days later to St. Joseph with Clay Clement, the actor manager of 'Sam Houston,' and was clandestinely married. Clement was secretly divorced from his pretty wife, who is known on the stage as Carra Kenwin, a few days before. The double divorce and elopement caused no end of surprise in South Side society circles yesterday. Society people remembered that as soon as Mrs. Stevenson secured her divorce from the Chicago lawyer she resumed her stage name of Kathleen Kerrigan and announced her intention to return to the footlights.

"Clay Clement, who stars in the play 'Sam Houston,' assumed the management of the young woman's theatrical fortunes, but there was not even a whisper that the two were also to act as co-stars in a matrimonial venture. Young Stevenson, who is widely known as a clubman as well as a lawyer of brilliant achievements, knows of the wedding. He learned of it shortly after the elopement and is said to have sent his ex-wife a bitingly sarcastic letter of congratulation. The letter contained only twelve words, yet it was sufficient to reduce the new bride to a torrent of tears. Friends of both Stevenson and Mrs. Clement are still wondering what the words were. The decree of divorce was issued by Judge Patton in fifteen minutes. Stevenson entered his own appearance and an answer denying charges in the bill. He also appeared in court as his own attorney, but allowed the case to go by default. This new step of the pretty Kathleen Kerrigan is but one of several in which Dan Cupid played novel roles. Young Stevenson abandoned his clubs, politics and a remunerative practice in chase of the charming Kathleen the year before their marriage in 1894. Stevenson took to the stage in order to follow the actress around. At the time she was starring in Frohman's 'Niobe.'"

Romeo Not Suited to Him

"Romeo never was suited to me," he said, "for I have always felt that if the young man had had a little more nerve and sand he might have married the girl and lived happily ever after, and with half the killing." That is Clement all over.

His immediate recognition by the metropolitan critics, notably our own, is not the least pleasant phase of this actor's new-made triumph. Pleasant because it refutes the claim that the critic goes roaring through the land with an ax in his trusty right and a knife up his sleeve, seeking whom he may butcher. They are the first to agree with Clement's own contention that the essence of good dramatic art is always the same, and a good actor in the ascendant is a greater source of rejoicing to them than it is to anybody else. Because they have, perforce, to deal with so many bad ones.

And I am sure each of us who consider acting only from the point of view of what pleases us, rather than in a critical and scholarly way, can make Mr. Clement no kinder compliment than to echo the closing words of his own pretty play: "Well, I wish you all success and happiness."

Certainly we can but wish it right heartily to him, and to all the studious, modest gentlemen like him, who are giving us art's sweet essence, which is forever the same and forever beautiful.

James O'Donnell Bennett.

CLEMENT IN THE BELLS.

Those who had seen Sir Henry Irving as Matthias in "The Bells," and last evening went to the Auditorium with the expectation of being disappointed in Clay Clement's performance of the same part, came away when the curtain was rung down, at the end of the last act with that expectation unfulfilled, and with them the ideal perfection of Irving's performance was forever shattered. Mr. Clement's rendition of the part of Matthias is an improvement upon that of the eminent Sir Henry Irving. In the dream scene, where Irving rants, Mr. Clement was quiet, dignified and gained his points more effectively by modern means and by good elocution.

Even Alfred Ayres, the most critical of New York critics, should be satisfied with the articulation and pronunciation of Mr. Clement. His voice is perfect, clear, sympathetic and penetrating. His lowest tones, clear and distinct, reached the most distant parts of the gallery, and the reading of his lines was musical and expressive of the thought intended to be conveyed by the authors of the drama. In the quiet scenes Mr. Clement is gentle, dignified and very natural. He shows himself to be a close student, a modern actor with modern methods and above all a scholarly man as well as an actor.

"The Bells" is not an inconsistent play in the hands of this actor, but it is out-fashioned and is as thoroughly weird a drama as has ever been written, and the people who were fortunate enough to see Mr. Clement last night will not soon forget the impressions thus received. The house was well filled, and should Mr. Clement come to Galesburg again—and it is to be hoped that he will—standing room would unquestionably be at a premium.

M'KINSEY-BACHMAN.

A Wedding That Caused a Social Thrill at Minier.

MINIER, Sept. 22.—[Special.]—This evening at 6 o'clock at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Bachman occurred the marriage of their youngest daughter, Miss Florence, to Mr. O. P. McKinsey. The bride is well-known in this vicinity having lived here all her life. Her many accomplishments and charming manner have secured for her a position in the foremost ranks of society. She graduated from the high school of this place in '94, and has taken quite an extended course in instrumental music. The groom is a descendant of the McKinseys and Moores, two highly respected and well-to-do families of Frankfort, Ind. For the past year he has represented the Vandavia railroad here, during which time, by his energy, he has built up an immense business, increasing the revenues of the company at this place threefold. Mr. McKinsey has become very popular with the business men because he labors for their interests as well as for the company. Besides being a thorough railroad man, he is a very conservative and conscientious young man. The wedding was a very quiet affair, only the immediate relatives of the bride being present. Rev. L. Swindle tied the nuptial knot. Mr. and Mrs. McKinsey were serenaded by the Minier Cornet band at 8 o'clock.

Mr. Clay Clement.

On our return from the far northwest recently we stopped in St. Louis one night to hear the famous actor, Clay Clement. He played "Mathias" in "The Bells" to a crowded house—at the Olympic. We had twice before seen Mr. Clement as "Mathias" and each time he did well; but on the occasion above referred to he simply performed wonderfully well. So well did he please the audience that he received a call at the fall of every curtain, and so enthusiastic were the attendants that they compelled him to make a speech, which was a most excellent effort. He said that it was dear to him to have such praise from a St. Louis audience, for his mother for many years had resided there, and that in that city, at the Hagan, he made his debut upon the stage. Mr. Clement played a full week's engagement in St. Louis and the house on each occasion was full of the best people of that city. He alternated "The Bells" with "The New Dominion," and the St. Louis papers gave him elaborate and worthy encomiums. He stands today at the very top of the ladder of fame in his profession. Several years ago, when he first began starring, he visited Pine Bluff and on the following day we wrote and published in THE COMMERCIAL a strong notice of him in which we prophesied that ere many years he would become a famous actor. Our criticism was just and our prophecy has been verified and we are pleased to know that Mr. Clement is now recognized as one of the most powerful actors ever known in America.

We are personally well acquainted with Mr. Clement and we are proud to know that he esteems us as friend. Over our desk hangs a large photograph he sent us some two years ago which we prize most highly.

In this connection it is not out of place to remark that Clay Clement has been engaged by Manager Rosenberg and will, perhaps, next month, visit Pine Bluff and produce the strange, weird and most difficult of dramas, "The Bells." There is a moral to this strange piece of fiction that makes an everlasting impression upon all who see this great actor in the delineation of the character of "Mathias," and, therefore, every man and woman, boy and girl should certainly see this production and the famous star who has made "The Bells" a practical lesson to all who have witnessed it.

THE COMMERCIAL, therefore, hopes that a crowded house will greet Clay Clement and his excellent company when he and they shall come to our city.

W. N. WOOD & KINGMAN.
Boston, Philadelphia, C.

AMUSEMENTS.

Mr. Clay Clement closed his engagement at Hooley's theater last night with a production of "The Bells," the drama which in former seasons has won him most favor in other cities, though his presentation of it was new to Chicago until last week. It must be a satisfaction to Mr. Clement that his interpretation of the character of Mathias, the haunted, has roused much discussion among those who have seen it, discussion that proved the interest it had aroused, even when the comment took an unfavorable form in some details. The differences of opinion center on something of the conception of the character itself, rather than on other features that measure the merit of the production. The artistic qualities of the star's work will scarcely be denied even by those who might be his severest critics, the supporting company is more than satisfactory, and in the material preparation for the production, as every one would admit, the actor and his manager have been unusually liberal and careful. All of the scenery, furniture and



CLAY CLEMENT AS MATHIAS IN "THE BELLS." costumes have been designed after careful study of the realities of the time and place represented in the play, and attention has been paid to these things in such detail as is seldom seen in productions. For this faithfulness to archaeological truth, hearty praise is demanded.

But, after all is said, Mathias is the play. So long has the Mathias of Mr. Irving been the only one considered in the cities that it has become the only standard of comparison, and any other is bound to be measured by it. And so long has the one been a heretic who saw no reality in the interpretation Irving made that it is no wonder many have hesitated to approve even the splendid, the human characterization of Clement. Clement plays Mathias as a man among his fellows, the Mathias that must have been in the minds of Eckman-Chatrian when they made the tale. Mathias was a man who lived an honored citizen of his village for fifteen years after his crime, unsuspected and in no danger of suspicion. He was the friend and neighbor to whom the villagers cheerily called "Good morning, burgomaster," as they passed his window. This is the Mathias Clement plays. He holds his head erect in the presence of friends, and shows fear of no man. He does not look to be guilty of anything, or of troubled conscience. The starts of sudden fear that come to him at suggestion of the old tragedy are restrained, and even the bells themselves, sending half an audience into a shiver, are resisted as such a man would resist them. Mr. Clement, in other words, admits in his Mathias that his neighbors are not fools, and that they are apt to see the same indications of guilt that an audience would. It is one of the heretics who has aptly said, that if any crime of any sort had been committed within the limits of Alsace-Lorraine, at any time within the life of the Mathias of Irving, and he had appeared in the province, he would have been arrested at once as the probable culprit, without a shadow of evidence other than his suspiciously guilty appearance. It is Clement who plays Mathias the man.

Despite Father's Wishes.

—"My boy, don't go on the stage—there's nothing in it." Three years ago Clay Clement, who died in Kansas City recently, while a member of one of Henry Miller's "Servant in the House" companies, thus warned his son and namesake. The boy disregarded his father's warning and adopted the stage as his profession. The result was an estrangement between the father and son which lasted until the elder Clement was on his death-bed. Clay Clement, the second, is playing this week at the Majestic, in Chicago. He is portraying the role of a road agent in the Al. W. Fremont sketch, "The Way of the West." The only female role in the playlet is assumed by Mary Frey, Clement's wife.

"Father was a practicing lawyer when he adopted the stage," said the son yesterday. "He had graduated from the Chicago university and had taken up the law as a means of livelihood. He always had a penchant for acting, and finally it got the better of him. He gave up the law and embarked on the sea of theatricals. It was always father's ambition to be a master of Shakespearean roles. He tried Shakespeare several times, but the public wouldn't accept him in that kind of work. It knew his 'Old Dominion' so well that he had become a 'one-part' actor. But he was planning at the time of his death to again essay Shakespearean roles, and he hoped to succeed this time."—Ex.

INCORPORATED,

Post Building, 526 Third St., Louisville

RICHARD W. KNOTT, EDITOR.

EATERS.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"Baron Hohenstauffen." A character study in four acts by Clay Clement.

Baron Franz Victor von Hohenstauffen Clay Clement
Edgar Norman Randolph J. D. Williams
Marshall Boner W. Brown Smith
J. Charles McVeigh W. Brown Smith
Napoleon LaFayette Randolph Lee Arthur
Mrs. Josephine Dulany Karra Kenwyn
Flora May Randolph Buckley Clayton
Martha Boland Minna Graul Adelman
Mrs. Harriet Randolph Amelia Gardner

Under the title of "The New Dominion," Mr. Clement's beautiful play, which this season is called "Baron Hohenstauffen," was seen at the Grand Opera House last March. It was commended then and it is a sincere pleasure to repeat the words of praise then spoken; a pleasure because both the play and the comedy work of Mr. Clement in the role of the German nobleman are of a degree of excellence none too common; a pleasure because it is good to know that there are a few actors and authors who are giving the best of their mind and art to what is true, what is genuine, what is worth while in the dramatic field.

This little play is so sweet, so natural, so unobtrusive in pretty sentiment and delicate comedy, so full of human interest and so engaging in its poetic charm that it satisfies at once the mind, which requires purity of dramatic art, and the heart, which requires purity of feeling and sentiment. The very simplicity of the story, which is yet worked out consistently and to a natural and pleasing climax, aids in the delicate charm of the play, and makes of it something of an idyll of life in the South in the days following the war.

The scenes are laid in Virginia in the year 1873. Baron Franz Victor von Hohenstauffen, traveling in the South and studying botany comes to the home of an old Virginia gentleman, Mr. Randolph, who has fallen into sore financial straits. The Baron tells him one that he is a German nobleman and is known simply as Mr. Hohenstauffen. He falls in love with Mr. Randolph's young daughter, Flora May. It is in the efforts of this educated, refined man, a gentleman in the highest meaning of the word, to make Flora May understand the tenderness he feels for her, that the greater part of the exquisite humor of the play lies. With his imperfect knowledge of the English language his conversations with Flora May are charming little bits of comedy, and his embarrassment puts us at once into complete sympathy with him. Finally the Baron and Flora May are united and made happy, but not before the Baron has saved the Randolph home from being sold from over their heads by Marshall Boner, a low, contemptible fellow who has the birth and education of a gentleman.

Mr. Clement's work in this play is entitled to rank with character studies of high type. At all times he is natural, and forcible, quiet and effective, and his acting convincing. His dialect is charming and his way of suggesting quaint and delicate humor is alone enough to entitle him to a sure place as an actor. One of the most notable things about his acting is the lack of bluster, the delightful absence of anything like an attempt to monopolize the center of the stage or to thrust himself unduly into the notice of the audience. Besides his power in humorous suggestiveness he knows how to portray the deepest and tenderest sentiments a high-minded cultured man is capable of feeling, and

THE SEASON AT M'VICKER'S.

Clay Clement has just returned from New York and has put the finishing touches on his new play, "A Southern Gentleman." He opens his season this year at McVicker's theater Aug. 23 and says that his company will be the strongest he has ever had. Frank E. Aiken will be the leading man. As an actor Mr. Aiken is the father of the first run in Chicago, playing Bob Brirly in "The Ticket of Leave Man" for 100 nights at Colonel Wood's museum in 1885. He will undoubtedly get a big welcome this season from the "old guard" of Chicago's theater goers. Mr. Clement is now under the management of John Henry Martin, formerly of Hoyt's executive forces and for the last two seasons manager of "Pudd'nhead Wilson."

other thing to his credit as an actor is his ability to depict stern anger. This last is shown in a powerful scene in the second act where the Baron resents the low-bred insinuations of Marshall Boner. Intense anger and utter disgust are shown, and highly admirable is the manner in which Mr. Clement indicates the delicate sensibility and refinement of a man who can control, because he is a gentleman, and the guest of a gentleman, the natural desire to throttle a ruffianly fellow who has spoken sneeringly of the woman he loves, this, too, in her own parlor.

The support given Mr. Clement is in the main good. Miss Clayton as Flora May is sweet and pretty, and if she will learn that there is a difference between the whining drawl of the honest mountaineer and backwoodsman, and the slow, caressing voice that is so charming in many of the women of the South, her portrayal of the aristocratic young Southern girl will be ever so much more effective and convincing. Miss Kenwyn makes a dashing and attractive young widow, and Miss Gardner is entirely satisfactory as the stately and worldly-minded Mrs. Randolph. Miss Adelman, as the young mountain girl, the "poor relation" of the Randolphs, uses well several chances for pathetic acting. Mr. Williams looks the part of the Southern gentleman. Mr. Randolph, and he plays the part attractively. The work of Mr. Arthur as the old negro servant is a neat piece of character acting, and Mr. Smith and Mr. Adelman, both do well in small parts.

A very large audience saw the play last night and they testified their hearty appreciation of play and players with applause that was frequent and spontaneous. The play has faults, to be sure, but the general impression made by it is so good, so interesting and so convincing that the minor faults need not be mentioned here. They belong to the workshop and the public, except indirectly, has no concern in them. The play will be given all the week, with matinees Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENTS.

The People's Theater to Have New Heating Apparatus.

The People's theater, at the corner of Fifteenth street and Cleveland place, is undergoing some very material changes. The company, of which Clay Clement is manager, has leased the building for five years and is making some improvements which will be appreciated by the public. The most important change made will be in the heating apparatus. An entirely new system will be put in, costing \$3,500. It is one of the best heating systems in use, and will be amply adequate to the size of the building. The air will be heated by steam pipes and driven into the auditorium by means of fans. The engine by which these fans will be run will be sufficiently powerful to drive a dynamo with which to light the theater. This improvement will not be put in immediately, but will most likely be introduced in a few weeks.

In the southwest corner of the building, with a frontage on Fifteenth street, is being fitted up a cafe, which will be a great convenience to the patrons of the theater. The front of the building, which was left unfinished by the builders, is to be finished by the addition of a handsome cut-stone cornice, and the arched entrances are to be enclosed with glass.

A white stone sidewalk is to be laid on both sides of the building. This work has already begun. Considerable interior decoration will be made and the building will be otherwise improved.

Another important change the management has decided to make is in the advertising arrangements. Window and billboard advertisements are to be done away with entirely, and all advertising will be done through the newspapers of the city. The management is convinced that by this means the best class of patronage can be reached.

—One day last week while Mr. Julian Geiger was endeavoring to get a last chance of a sleigh ride by going to El Paso with his cutter, a big lump of frozen dirt was struck with some swiftness and like a rubber ball the obstacle bumped him out and with him went the cutter into some of mother earth's rich mortar. No harm was done to Mr. Geiger only the cutter and himself were somewhat disfigured by the mud.

Clay Clement.

Thirteen years ago two young men were students together at the old University of Chicago. They were roommates and belonged to the same fraternity. As college boys will, they were fond of forecasting the future in the evening after books had been cast aside and of telling what they hoped to make of themselves after their college life was over. Their dreams were all hopeful ones, and they varied with the circumstances.

One night, however, one of the young men looked into the future and foresaw what both of them would be many years later. He said to his room mate: "Some day I'll come back here an actor, at the head of my own company. You will be the editor of a newspaper and give me a good notice."

He Foresaw the Future.

It is probable in future talks other aspirations were aired, but it is a peculiar coincidence that in its essential particulars that lightly-spoken fancy has come true to both boys. The one who spoke was Clay Clement, then going by his real name of Clement Laird Geiger, of Woodford county, Ill., who appears at the Grand Opera House tonight in a play of his own composition in which he made last week what was universally conceded to be one of the dramatic hits of the season in Chicago. His former room mate is not the editor of a Chicago paper, but does occupy that position in Peoria, and "Clem" is going to get his good notice spoken of thirteen years ago.

Peorians should give Clay Clement a rousing reception, not only because of the merit of his performance, but because he is practically a Peoria boy. He was born and raised in Woodford county, where his father was a farmer, and this city was his headquarters in his early days. Few young men are rising more rapidly in the dramatic profession than he, and Peoria will be proud of her interest in him.

College Fraternity Men.

In addition to the fact that he is practically an old Peorian, Mr. Clement will receive a warm welcome from the college fraternity men of Peoria. The Pan-Hellenic spirit is strong among the Peoria Greeks, no matter what may have been their rivalry in their college days, and they should all turn out today to welcome Mr. Clement, who is a prominent fraternity man. Mr. Clement joined the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity at the University of Chicago in 1881, and has frequently been entertained by the chapters in college towns where he is playing. Among the Phi Psis in Peoria are Walter H. Kirk, J. E. Keene, Dr. T. A. McCurdy, J. N. Garver and T. R. Weddell, and they are organizing a reception in his honor.

Clay Clement, an actor quite unknown to Chicago, has come to town and made a hit at the Schiller Theater. This is an unusual proceeding for an entire stranger; so unusual, in fact, that it deserves special recognition. But little was expected, and the surprise of success is consequently the greater.

Mr. Clement presents a play of which he is the author called "The New Dominion," the charm of which is disclosed rather in the presentation than in any intrinsic value it possesses. There is certain novelty in its manner and method, but the inspiration comes with the creation of a German character part by Mr. Clement himself. It is not the stereotyped stage German, but a noble whose study of botany has taken him to Virginia, where he meets with adventures and falls in love.

It is all simple and real. There are tears and smiles, and Mr. Clement seems equally at home in pathos and humor, carrying the audience along with him to a pitch of high enthusiasm without an apparent effort. Such artistic work, so entirely unexpected, calls for and shall receive more extended and adequate treatment than is possible on this occasion. These comments must serve, however, for the moment to indicate that the new star at the Schiller is well worthy of consideration. His play is gentle and tender, and, while essentially a one-part comedy, includes a number of well-drawn, if conventional, characters, one of them very acceptably played by Miss Karra Kenwyn, who shows considerable mettle in the role of a young widow.

WORTH THE MONEY.

Bandmann Wanted a Man Who Could Fight and Got One.

Clay Clement is one of the most expert swordsmen on the American stage. His proficiency with the broadsword is due to a long course of training which he took many years ago under rather peculiar circumstances. Young Clement carried a letter of introduction to Daniel Bandmann, the tragedian, and asked for an engagement. The old man was charmed with Clement's reading of Shakespeare and after a long elocutionary trial remarked in a rich brogue: "My boy, I think you will do. You are engatiched. But, tell me, are you able to defend yourself?"

"Why, yes; I guess so," doubtfully replied the young aspirant. "I don't know; I never had a fight in my life. But I think I could take care of myself in a pinch."

"Vell," continued Bandmann, "you'll haf to. I vant a man who can fight. Ven I play Richard eet makes me sick—pah!—If I must be kilt by a Richmond who could not kill a cheeken in real life. Ven I am Macbeth vy about I be kilt by a fellow who could not carvo a cheese? I am tired of eet all. You must defend yourself. Do you know the broadsword?"

"Well, no—I don't," admitted Clement. "But couldn't learn?" he asked eagerly. "Ha, yes—inspce-ration!" cried Bandmann. "You shall learn. Do you know my fient Colonel Monterey of Chicago? No? Nefter mind; I gif you a letter to him."

"Turning to a writing desk Bandmann wrote a letter of introduction and filled out a check for \$25.

"Gif dooe to my frient Monterey," he said, "and he will show you how you shall defend yourself. That check will pay for twenty life lessons. If you feel you need more lesson my letter say you shall take as many more as you like and the bill I will pay. But, remember! You must fight; if not, I think I will keep you—yes!"

Clement came to Chicago to begin instruction. In this city he met several actors who formerly had been members of Bandmann's company. They all told the same story. The tragedian, they said, was a most dangerous antagonist in a stage duel and very often forgot his surroundings and put up a real fight. If his opponent showed the white feather the old man would fly into a paroxysm of rage and fight like a demon. On more than one occasion he had completely driven Richmond and Macduff off the stage. These stories scared Clement half to death. He began to regard his training as a life and death matter, undertaken strictly in self defense. At the end of the twenty-five lessons he felt that he was only a beginner in swordsmanship and instruction was continued week after week throughout the entire summer. On the opening night of Bandmann's next season a letter was handed to the tragedian. It contained a bill "for professional instruction in sword practice extra lesson for Mr. Clement on account of Mr. Bandmann—\$150.

The old man gasped. "Vot!" he cried. "Are you drunk or am I crazy? A hundred fifty dollar! How ees eet? How can it be?"

"Well, you sent me to Colonel Monterey myself and gave him carte blanche to teach me as long as I needed instruction," explained Clement.

"Oh, my boy, my boy," exclaimed Bandmann, "I sent you to Monterey—yes—but I deed not tell you to leave with heem."

Suddenly the old man stopped. "Vell," he said, "how ees eet? Can you defend yourself?"

"I'll try," was the calm reply. "So vill I," sentimentally remarked Bandmann.

That night when Richard faced Richmond on Bosworth field there was a baleful gleam in the crook-backed monarch's eyes which none of the company ever had observed before. He sprang at his antagonist like a catamount; two swords clashed and a shower of sparks gave evidence of the force which sent them together. Then followed what was probably the prettiest and most scientific sword fight ever seen on the American stage. The old man fought wickedly, dangerously, desperately. The aggressor, at first, he pressed his young antagonist hard. The air was filled with sparks from the circling swords and the clash of steel was almost continuous. Then Clement began work in earnest. Step by step the bloody monarch was forced backward and his blows were parried and beaten down until at last, from sheer exhaustion, his grip was loosened and a left blow sent his sword flying into the wings. A moment later Richmond's victorious troops were cheering over the death of Gloucester, and the play was ended.

A couple of solicitous actors helped Bandmann to his feet. Panting and almost breathless, he flung his arms about Clement, kissed him on both cheeks and exclaimed: "It cost me a hundred and fifty; but it was wort' it!" —Chicago Times-Herald.

Chicago Times Herald,
Jul 4, 1897

THE THEATERS.

Mr. Clay Clement is entitled to a place among the great ones of the dramatic profession. As produced at the Olympic Theater last evening, his four-act character study, "The New Dominion," is one of the most delightful stage creations of this age. It is as clean and as sparkling as the dew on a clover field, and it is as absorbing as the first love letter. The laughter that it provokes is the mirth of sympathy, and the tears that it suggests are bubbles from a full heart. The sentiment is pure and natural, and intensely human, and the lines are crisp and effective. Some of the passages are quick with the spirit of poetry, and others schillilate with rich humor.

The plot in its material elements is simple. A Virginia gentleman, who has been impoverished by the war, has a beautiful golden-haired daughter and a second wife, and also a burden of debt. Marshall Boner, a young man who has the vicious propensities of a Legree, holds a mortgage on the estate. Encouraged by the stepmother, he seeks to use his claim to force the Virginia gentleman to give the daughter's hand to him. The stepmother gets from the girl a promise not to accept anyone else. The Virginia gentleman orders Boner from his presence. Boner proceeds to carry out his threat to foreclose the mortgage. Baron Hohenstauffen, a botanist, not known to be either rich or noble, but so palpably a lovable gentleman that he has won the daughter's heart, asks her to marry him. Constrained by the promise to her stepmother, she refuses. Hohenstauffen is preparing to retire from the scene when Martha Boland, a poor girl who has been betrayed by Boner, beseeches him to prevent Boner from carrying out his purpose to foreclose the mortgage and force the heroine to marry him. Martha wants Boner herself. Hohenstauffen jumps at the chance, and, aided by a young lawyer, takes up the notes on which Boner's mortgage is based. He then disappears for a few months and returns in time to prevent the Virginia gentleman from carrying out his purpose to abandon the estate rather than hold it through the generosity of a stranger.

It is as a character picture that the piece is charming. Mr. Clement's portrayal of the high-bred German is an exquisite bit of acting. His fine shading of the dialect is the perfection of art, and in no phase of emotion is his work overdrawn. His methods are reminiscent of those of Frank Mayo, quiet, strong and natural. His voice is pleasant and his physique singularly well adapted to the part of Hohenstauffen. It is not too much to say that the creation of the part marks him as a really great character actor. He should stick to it, and never again make the mistake of presenting "The Bells" on a first night. He does not have to follow a blazed path. His forte is manifestly the original role.

But Mr. Clement is not all the show. A stronger cast has rarely been seen. Every role is carried by an artist who is in rapport with the part and the ensemble work is delightfully smooth. The accessories of scenery, properties and costumes are perfectly satisfactory and the musical accompaniments are invariably appropriate. The general effect of the production is like that of "Alabama" as it was presented during its first season. The Southern accent is correct and the shades of difference in the vocalism of the highly bred Virginian and that of the descendant of a line of overseers and money lending nigger traders are delightful to the ear of a connoisseur in dialect. Charles D. Craig's portrayal of the ungrateful role of the villain was, in its way, as fine a piece of work as Mr. Clement's Hohenstauffen. His Marshall Boner is as distinctly a Southern type as the Randolph of Jeffrey D. Williams. A young, strong, ignorant brute is Boner, reckless, passionate, cruel and unpolished—the sort of man who sometimes sold his own daughters and congratulated himself on the high price they brought in the New Orleans market. And withal a dandy inclined to boast of being a Southerner and blind to the gulf between him and the real gentle folk of Dixie Land. Mr. Craig is to be congratulated on the fidelity with which he brings out an interesting but disagreeable character.

Jeffrey D. Williams as the Virginia gentleman, Geo. Berry as Uncle Paly, the old family servant, and Carleton Macy as the young lawyer, do nice, smooth work. Mr. Berry should know, however, that an old family servant in Virginia always removes his hat when he accosts a lady, and generally when he speaks to a gentleman.

The women in the cast are charming. Rolinda Bainbridge as Hohenstauffen's love is as sweet and gracious as a flower. Lettie Allen is a satisfactory stepmother from an artistic standpoint. Amelia Gardner, as the poor relation, has a few fitting opportunities to show what a promising actress she is, and she does not neglect them. And there is the widow—such a dashing, frolicsome, mischievous, high-bred widow; a deep-chested, long-limbed daughter of the gods—Karra Kenwyn is what an enthusiastic young man in a back seat called a "loller cooler."

FEBRUARY 26, 1898.

Actor Clements on His Muscles.

—A dispatch from Carthage, Mo., under a recent date tells the following story of Actor Clay Clement, in a new role:

Two men, named John Darnell and John Jackson, from East Missouri, were put on the west-bound train on the Frisco at Nichols Junction in charge of J. G. McAndrew, a constable, bound for Arkansas. The latter handled the men roughly, flourishing a huge revolver and a wagon spoke as persuaders. The scene attracted the attention of passengers, many of whom were alarmed. Among the passengers was Clay Clement, the actor, who was on his way to this city. He became interested in the men and learned their story, which was, in effect, that they were traveling in wagons from East Missouri with their families. When not far from Nichols the constable overtook them, and on a charge of stealing, forced them to board the train, to be taken to Arkansas for trial. Mr. Clement was, at one time a lawyer. He asked the constable if he had any paper for their arrest. His reply soon satisfied Clement that the constable was playing a high-handed game. He told him that he could not take the men to Arkansas unless he had a requisition from the governor and would get himself into trouble if he did. The constable still declared he would take his prisoners to Arkansas. Clement kept up a fusilade and was soon backed up by a Missouri lawyer named J. B. McGuffin, of Purdy, who boarded the train at Aurora. Seeing his danger, the Arkansas officer intimated his willingness to get out of the scrape, and proceeded to unhook the wristlets and liberate the men, who, full of gratitude to their unknown friend, prepared for the return journey to seek their families.

ACTORS OFF THE STAGE.

How Clay Clement Played "The Bells" Beside a Camp Fire.

Surrender of a Stolid Half-Breed Guide to the Actor's Art.

Something About the Personal Character of One of Illinois' Gifted Sons.

Another Actor of the New School Which Believes in Serious Thought.

One night last summer just after sundown we were lying beside the camp fire talking about all sorts of things, romantic and otherwise, as men will only talk, I believe, when they are really alone in the wilderness, far from theaters and newspaper offices, from the pavements and their madding throng. Clay Clement was on the other side of the fire, and on my left, his feet touching mine, lay our half-breed guide. Shop was tabooed for a while, but even under the trees, after a long summer day's tramp, with a silvery lake stretching away for a mile or two before our eyes and other circumstances, such as the supreme stillness, the moonlight and a well-digested supper, it was hardly strange that my actor friend and I finally came back to earth and to the theater. Mr. Clement was full of "The Bells," just then, anyhow, for he had spent his last hours in the city overseeing the scenery for its production, and our conversation drifted into a desultory discussion of the play. The guide broke in with a question or two about the play, and in his quaint patois, for he was a Canadian half-breed, of French and Indian blood in equal parts, I should judge, begged Mr. Clement to tell the story of Mathias, who was haunted by the mysterious bells after the murder of the Polish Jew.

Now, the guide—Francis—is as much of his name as I remember—was a very stolid, uncommunicative chap. He never got excited about anything, and the only thing I had known to stir his soul was our refusal to enthuse over a roasted porcupine, which he insisted upon our tasting at supper the night before.

But I added my entreaties to Francis' and Clement lighting a fresh cigar consented to put "The Bells" into simple narrative form. It was essential that the tale should be told in language of the plainest sort, for Francis' knowledge of English was neither extensive nor exact. Mr. Clement put it into words of one syllable, so to speak. He made no effort to act, at first, but simply lay there with his leonine head resting easily on his hand, stretched out at full length beside the fire, the light from which fell upon his face. Francis, to tell the truth, did not seem much interested in the introductory part of the yarn. He grunted now and then, Indian fashion, to show that he was listening to the story of how Mathias, the Alsatian innkeeper, killed the Hebrew seed merchant, in the dead of night, when the snow was deep and starvation for his wife and little one stared him in the face. But in spite of its familiarity the feverishly weird tale took hold of the narrator as it did of me, and when the great dream scene was reached Mr. Clement began to act.

He gradually arose and stood outlined against the moonlit lake behind him, with the trees for a proscenium arch and the fire between us and him for footlights. Francis likewise came up to a sitting posture, and he kept his eyes riveted upon Mr. Clement's face.

The actor not only played Mathias with every fiber in his histrionic soul extended, but touched in the solemn-voiced judge, the calm, cold monotonous mesmerist, and the rest of the phantoms of the murderer's dream, so that to me and doubly so, I doubt not, to Francis the spectral scene was very real. In pantomime Mr. Clement showed every step of Mathias as he prepared for the hideous deed, and the eyes of Francis, the unimaginative, bulged from his head and he

craned forward on his knees before the flickering fire for fear he would miss a word. But still Francis said nothing, his complacent "Huh!" had long been hushed, I forgot all about the actor, to tell the truth, and watched the transformed Francis.

Mr. Clement was playing to Francis entirely, and the two were perfectly in touch. When the actor reached the climax of the scene, in pantomime brought down the ax upon the Jew's head and carried the body to the lime kiln, Francis jumped to his feet, and rushing over to Mr. Clement embraced him, wept, and burst out with a torrent of incoherent French and English expletives, mostly profane. Francis wound up with a wild "Who!" which the forest echoed back absurdly. It was five minutes before Mr. Clement could finish the tragic tale. I don't think Francis slept well that night. He was not the first person whom "The Bells" has robbed of slumber. I remember as a boy hearing the sound of those jangling sleigh bells in my ears for weeks after I had seen the play for the first time. Yet the story had an awful fascination for Francis and during the rest of our stay in the woods he was forever begging Mr. Clement to tell it over again. But there was no repetition of that *à fresco* performance. Francis was his slave from that time on and absolutely ignored me and others of our party.

Perhaps this little incident illustrates more than the histrionic power of Mr. Clement. Without artificial aids of any kind—there were no bells tinkling in the wings, the uncertain firelight was the nearest approach to a calcium—he captured that untutored woodsman body and soul. **Personal magnet-**

ism as well as the actor's art had much to do with it.

Clay Clement in the woods, on the stage, at home or abroad is always the same—a big, good-natured boy, with a great deal of our western love of freedom in his heart and a hatred for shams and humbug perpetually with him. He is so big of bone, of such grand stature, that his playfulness makes one wonder all the more. It is hard to believe that, youthful as Mr. Clement is, nearly ten years of the hardest apprenticeship has he put in upon the stage.

Illinois is his mother, and the sturdy, unflagging pluck of her sons is well exemplified in Mr. Clement's career. He will tell you enough about the first days of his actor's life, when he had turned his back upon the academic delights of Chicago university and had abandoned all hope of hanging out an attorney's shingle, to convince you that if hard knocks are wholesome for an artist Mr. Clement ought to be exceptionally healthy.

When Mr. Clement was in the city a few days ago he said to me: "No experience comes amiss to the actor. The more he sees of the world the better it will be for him. I do not regret the rough usage I got in my first years on the boards. I owe much to such artists as Bandmann, with whom I worked humbly and faithfully in the legitimate drama, and the best school for the actor, of course, is the stage, but roughing it as a farm hand, or touching elbows with starvation in a big city—and I have had my share of hard luck—are useful too, for they bring one into close communion with humanity."

Mr. Clement's play, "The New Dominion," is full of human nature—it is the secret of its success in a large measure. As author or actor Mr. Clement has the happy habit of going to nature for his model, and that's why I suppose, although I certainly saw him six or eight years ago in the "classic" drama of "Virgilius" and the like, what time he wandered o'er the land with Frederick Warde, I can't recollect his Icelius at all. I don't believe Mr. Clement would breathe freely in the artificial atmosphere of Knowles' or Bulwer Lytton's plays, for example. He has a very clear idea anyhow of what he cannot do—a most valuable faculty in the actor who is a star.

"I guess I played about as bad an Armand Duval in 'Camille' as ever was seen," for example, Mr. Clement said to me not long ago.

"Yes," broke in the actor's only sister, who is and has been always his guiding star, "and the way he used to dress his noble Romans in the classic drama was a sin and a shame until I took him in hand. The first time he played Icelius his appearance was something pitiable, but I made his togas myself after that and insisted upon tying his sashes for him. I remember he used to beg me not to make a Yum Yum of him. I copied the togas seam for seam from McCullough's—no joke when you remember that it took forty yards of crepe to make Virgilius' toga."

"I owe more to my sister Josephine," Mr. Clement will say when he is alone, "than she will ever tell you. Yes, since she and I were chums together and rambled everywhere over my father's farm like a pair of boys there has been nothing of good, no artistic success, nothing of which I may be reasonably proud which I cannot attribute to her influence. My play 'The New Dominion' was inspired by her and I tried to make the heroine a reflection of her, a weak one, I confess, but if Flora May as a character has any charms they are copied from my dear little sister."

Talking of "The New Dominion," it was written, as most good plays are written, very quickly. You remember how Dion Boucicault dashed off his "London Assurance." Mr. Clement wrote his comedy in three weeks or less. He worked on it night and day. Referring to that time, Mr. Clement said: "I suppose the concentration of my mind upon this work made me more absent-minded than usual. I kept pegging away at the play every moment of time that I was not acting, and one morning in San Francisco I started off downtown for something or other. As soon as I boarded the car I noticed my fellow-passengers were staring at me. They looked at me so hard that I knew something must be wrong. What it was I couldn't guess until I observed that everyone was looking at the top of my head. I wear my hair rather long, and I decided that it must be needing cutting. I put up my hand to my head to see if my theory was correct, and I found I had come out without my hat."

Mr. Clement's absent-mindedness is still with him—he does not have to fall to writing plays to forget anything and everything. The cane, a handsome, silver-mounted affair, which he held in his hand when Mr. Holme sketched him for THE CHRONICLE, was presented to him by his manager, Ira J. La Motte, on this condition: That he should carry it to Chicago from Columbus and back again to Toledo, if I remember rightly. The cane is still in Mr. Clement's possession, but through no fault of his, for he has abandoned it to the tender mercy of his friends times out of number.

There is so much that is lovable in the big man that a mere failure of memory can be forgiven him. The actors who work with him are fond of him invariably—if they do say occasionally that he is, in their vernacular, a "regular Indian" behind the curtain. When an actor-manager or star is strict at rehearsals, when he demands close attention to the work in hand, and very forcibly resents anything like slovenliness or neglect on the part of his associates, the actor calls him "an Indian." In this sense Mr. Clement deserves the name. He is a worker himself, and he expects others to keep step with him; if they do not they are likely to hear from him, and while he is a gentle and considerate child at all other times, I have seen him rise up like a north-easter in November and kick up a sea to swamp the whole company if he thinks there is a don't-care or hurry-skurry feeling abroad at rehearsal.

One time in my presence he stopped a rehearsal just as the concluding lines of a last act were being read. Afterwards he explained to me why he had read the riot act to several excellent actors.

"You see," said he, "all unconsciously no doubt every actor—I confess I'm as bad as the rest when I do not watch myself—falls into a sort of winding up tone when the final curtain is in sight. It is the end of the thing, you know—the sixthly and lastly, my brethren. This is natural enough, but it is fatal to the play. In life nothing is ever wound up in this fashion—there is no such thing as the running down tone. In concluding a play this suggestion of the end—like a noisy signal for the curtain—has a bad effect upon the audience. How quick people are to detect it in the actor! I believe in acting a play to the end, with no let-up at all, and I have learned to watch for the 'winding up tone' in myself and in my fellow artists, and whenever I detect it I shake things up."

In the theater Mr. Clement is a disciplinarian of the strictest—away from it he is the heartiest of good fellows—to none more than the men and women with whom his working life is spent. He belongs, like so many of the young actors of both sexes in America today, to the new school of which education, breadth of knowledge, a curiously lively interest in affairs and a love for the beautiful in nature and in the arts not necessarily allied to the histrionic, are the marks by which we may distinguish it from the old school. As to his ambitions I cannot do better than to quote at random from a conversation I had with him when the night was old in the feverish heat of last July. He had been reading poetry aloud, or I had, I forget which, and we were rather sleepy.

"Do you know, old man," he said, "there is one thing I would like to achieve before I die. I would like to make an American character of my own—an American man of my own invention in a play of my own. I have had some success in the creation of a German gentleman, but I should like to be known in my own proper nationality. Othello I should enjoy essaying, when the right time comes, and I have a sort of an idea that Hamlet might be within my reach—I have played both characters—but the American idea is uppermost in my mind."

And it would not surprise me if some day Illinois, and secondarily Chicago, were to find it a pleasant duty to order a goodly number of laurel wreaths for another son, an actor and a gentleman who had won the applause of a nation by honest work on high lines.

HEPBURN JOHNS.

HIS STAR IS RISING

CLAY CLEMENT DESERVES SUCCESS
BECAUSE HE HAS WON IT

Next Season He Will Be Under the Management of Will J. Davis and Will Appear in Chicago as a Metropolitan Star in a Dramatization of "God's Fool"

Things are coming Clay Clement's way with a zest and alacrity that must lay a sweet unction to the soul of that patient young man. A barkeeper in a downtown hotel has named his choicest com-



CLEMENT—SKETCHED FROM LIFE
"You see, I have a little secret—I will tell you about it."

pound the "Hohenstauffen today," the women are buying his photographs and making dimpled requests for his signature, the critics are beautifully unanimous in their praise of his work, and Will J. Davis and Harry Powers have taken him up, and his tour of next season will be under their direction. Could the man ask more?

All these hintings of glory present and glory to come give me joy. Clement has worked so long and so very hard for success that it is his by stern right of conquest. He ought to have reward of merit placards hung all over him and drink each morning from a pink cup, with "For a Good Actor" on it in gold letters.

I regard the new-named thing-a-bob in the drink way as not the least eloquent tribute to Clement's virtues as man and actor. It is one of those humble yet nobly appreciative outpourings of a grateful heart which admits of no question as to its sincerity. It's a very meritorious drink, too, and Clement tells me its efficaciousness in cooling hot coppers is a matter for glad commendation.

Whether he sets as high a value on the tremulous demands for his handwriting I can not say. I observed, however, as the serene bellboys trotted up to his room with messages to the effect that "a lady, sir, presents her compliments" and would Mr. Clement please sign this picture, that the actor maintained his composure with a steadiness quite wonderful and signed with a most decorous and appreciative grin.

As a Metropolitan Star

These manifestations of new-born regard for Mr. Clement are not to be sneezed at. The public has queer and kittenish ways of telling actor men how pleased it is with them, and every little helps toward the attainment of serious commendations. The bit of news Mr. Clement gives me concerning his plan for next season is to be seriously considered, for the consummation of the plan marks the beginning of his career as a metropolitan star under generous and competent management. Opening at Hooley's in October, Mr. Clement will give us three weeks of repertoire, and a return engagement will be played in March. "The Bells" is to be the piece de resistance of the season, and from all I can learn it is to be richly mounted and lavishly provided with mechanical effects. Here in Chicago we have had no opportunity to judge of his Mathias, but he has been playing the part some three years and made a tremendous hit with it in all the largest provincial cities. Davis and Powers, you may be sure, are far too canny men to buy things "unsight and unseen," and they having decided to feature Clement's Mathias, it is safe to say they saw both

merit and money in it. Davis has long aspired to link his name with the achievement of landing, if not discovering, another theatrical whale, and I think he could not have chosen more wisely than in taking Clement to his managerial bosom. Clement has conquered the supreme difficulties in his path without the aid of anybody's glad hand, and all he needs now is the judicious and tactful direction that so clever a man as Davis will be able to give him.

Will Play "God's Fool"

"The Bells," while it is to be the trump card of Clement's first tour under metropolitan direction, will not be the most interesting of his season's doings.

He has in hand a dramatization of Maarten Maarten's "God's Fool" that I believe will create an unqualified sensation, because the play itself can not fail to contain the very heart and essence of tragedy, and, furthermore, because Clement has certain original ideas as to how that piteous story shall be given dramatic utterance. He, of course, will play the millionaire imbecile, who goes through life blind and deaf, and slowly awakens to the realization that there is poverty and misery in the world; that there can be such things among men who make prayer-



AS BARON VON HOHENSTAUFFEN.
"I tried to make Hohenstauffen genuine—human first of all, you know."

ful allegiance to the Nazarene and sing the glory of him who gave all to them that were weary and were heavy laden.

Over one of the "Hohenstauffens" he outlined the plot of the "God's Fool" piece, and hinted at some of the methods by which he should attempt to work out the weird, heart-breaking creation which Maartens hurled in the face of the world as something that comes near to being absolutely new. Mr. Clement's portrayal promises to be self-contained and wholly rational in its ground note; it could not be his and be otherwise. But I fancy it will be sufficiently soul-harrowing to make the town lie awake o' nights, a great shadowy nightmare-ish thing that echoes with madhouse laughter and drips with the blood-tears of a broken heart.

Where the Climax Comes

The climax comes with the murder of the brother and the imbecile's delusion that the blood is on his hands. Clement gave me only vague suggestions of what he intended to do with these lines when he talked of the play yesterday, but the effect is stupendous. There is going to be nothing of the rampaging or passion-tearing about it, but a distinct subtlety marks it and makes it a new utterance of grief and mortal agony. If I am not greatly in the wrong, Clement's "Fool" will take rank at once with Mansfield's "Rodion" as a psychological study. If

the effect on the bellboy of a rough sketch of it may be taken as a prophecy I have no doubt as to the success awaiting it. The bellboy stood at the door in shivering wonderment while Clement was in the middle of the third act climax, and when he set down the Hohenstauffens it was with a shaky hand, and his eyes were wide with a yearning to hear more, not unmixed with a fear of what he had heard and a desire to get away from the deaf and blind gentleman whose face told a little story of suffering that the bellboy might not understand, but at least could see. I myself felt some anxiety to look behind me to the end, that I might be quite certain nobody was reaching for my throat.

"I've got a little secret," he said in the course of our conversation. "It is to let your audience do some of the acting—a lot of it, in fact. Oh, the preciousness of silence! How few of our craft know the value of it. I believe acting by suggestion is the saving grace of the new school."

Talks About Hamlet

"That was what I tried to achieve in my reading of Hamlet. Do you suppose so fine a gentleman as Hamlet was always moaning about the palace with his heart on his sleeve? He was too courtly as a man to be forever telling his troubles to his friends. I suppose there were policemen in those days, as now, and Hamlet would have sought them out rather than bore other people all the time. He was the melancholy Dane only by intimation. He had a jolly sense of humor despite his burden of woe, and the bitterness of his grief, to my thinking, ought to reach the spectator only through the fitful and fleeting flash. I want the man who sees my Hamlet to say: 'There, did you see that? Did you notice how sad the poor prince is at heart, and how hard he tries to keep back the tears?' But don't believe I'm going to inflict a new Hamlet on the metropolitan public just now. I will wait a long time before I tackle the part again. The public has had so many Hamlets of late that I think it would be justified in throwing things at a new one. I never talk about my Hamlet and I'm among Hamlets. I am a fairly athletic man, but there is nothing gained by a wanton risking of life. And the gentleman who refuses to take the prince as a puzzled, lonely, heart-broken boy, who possessed a pitying sense of humor, are inclined to throw me out when I advance that conception of him."

Hearing Clement talk thus, I almost dare to say I would like to see his Hamlet. But we have had so many bitter disappointments, and we have endured so much in a Hamlet way, and that, too, not so very long ago, that I think we will all agree he is wise in waiting.

"I spent five years," he said, "in learning the very methods I have been seven years in breaking away from."

Light Dawned on Him

That remark, by the way, lets us into the fact that Clement has been a dozen years on the stage. "Oh," he continued, "for those first five years I was a wonder as a thorough-paced old-school actor. I ripped and snorted and howled as hard as any of them. Then a great light dawned on me, and I went in for the rational. I think it was Bahnmann who opened my eyes to the righteous way. There's a realist for you, and a rationalist, too, despite his mannerisms. He's raising potatoes out in Montana now. I met him out there a few months since. He came behind the scenes and said, 'Glemmend, I sheeped two towans pushels of bodadoes to New York last week. I suppose some of dem go to Telmonico's and dey make dem into pommel de terre for some of your tam pig-head actors.'"

What think you of that for a reward of merit? The great Bahnmann, who astounded Berlin and London and New York, raising "bodadoes" in Montana!



CLEMENT AS MATHIAS

"You will pity my Mathias and will be glad he died with his crime unknown."

As to Mr. Clement's present achievement I have little to say. In "The New Dominion" he has given us a light, pretty character sketch that makes a pleasant vehicle for his comedy powers, and has enabled him to show us something in that vein which is as distinctly a creation as Mr. Willard's Prof. Goodwillie. There you can get a well-defined idea of Clement's repressed emotionalism, his delicacy of method, and his lucid appreciation of the fact that a well-ordered mentality is just as necessary in acting as in any other craft, art, or calling, name it what you will. When I hear a man who has played Romeo with any degree of success—and they say Clement has—grant that the part is unsuited to him and bravely declare he will never try it again, I think I have found a self-denying spirit almost unprecedented.

ACTOR DIES IN ARMS OF HIS DIVORCED WIFE

Clay Clement, Ill in Kansas City, Summons Former Helpmate From Chicago, While Present Spouse Is Ignorant of His Condition.

[SPECIAL TO THE RECORD-HERALD.]

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Feb. 21.—In the arms of his divorced wife, Clay Clement, the noted actor-playwright, died at University Hospital at 11 o'clock this morning. His present wife, who is with a theatrical company on the road, had not been apprised that he was seriously ill.

Clement played here as the drainman in "The Servant in the House," which was at the Willis Wood last week. Early in the engagement he became ill from pneumonia.

When his illness became serious the actor sent hurriedly for his divorced wife, who was formerly Miss Kathleen Kerrigan. She left her home in Chicago and came here. Throughout his last hours she nursed him tenderly and soothed his closing minutes.

Clement has been three times married. His first wife was Miss Mattie E. Marshall of Batavia, Ill., whom he wed July 4, 1888.

They lived happily together until she died in 1898. He married Miss Kerrigan in Chicago Sept. 5, 1906. They separated and were divorced at Louisville, Ky., soon after which he married the present Mrs. Clement.

The actor's body was removed to Stine's undertaking rooms, 408 East Ninth street, and to-morrow it will be sent to Paris, Texas, for burial.

Mr. Clement was born in Woodford County, Illinois, Dec. 21, 1863. His real name was Geiger and he was the son of a farmer. He was educated at El Paso, Ill. Later in life, and after he took up the stage, he became a student in the preparatory school of the University of Chicago and the university proper, graduating from each institution. He read law in Chicago with Judge W. L. Snell. He first took up the profession of acting in 1884 and later became a playwright.

Clement sprang into fame by means of his own play, "The New Dominion," in which he enacted the leading role himself with great success all over the country. Other of his pieces were "A Southern Gentleman," "Ping Pong" and "Sam Houston," which was written in conjunction with John McGovern and Jesse Edson. He also appeared throughout the country in the role of Mathias in "The Bells." He was a contributor of short stories to the magazines.

CLAY CLEMENT'S FUNERAL YESTERDAY

◆ "Some Born to Live,
◆ And Live to Die;
◆ Some die for Love
◆ And Love to Die."
◆ —Clay Clement.
◆

These were the last words ever uttered by Clay Clement, the actor who died at Kansas City Monday and was buried at Evergreen cemetery yesterday morning, in the midst of a heavy down pour of rain.

As announced Friday afternoon, the funeral services were conducted by the Paris Lodge of Elks, Mr. Clement being a member of 716 of this city.

About one hundred members of the order met at the club rooms at nine o'clock and repaired to the residence of Col. Sheb Williams on South 22nd street where the body was waiting for the last tribute or respect to be paid their brother.

A special song service had been arranged by Misses Nina Moore, Willie Pinson, Dorothy Neville, Maud Walker and Messrs. Troy Thompson and Joe Pender.

Following the song service, Dr. Black, chaplain of the Elks lodge conducted the religious services, following which the officers of the lodge conducted the ritual service of the order.

Col. Louis J. Wortham, at the request of Clay Clement delivered the oration on behalf of the order and friendship, which was as follows:

"Had not my dead friend when living requested that I speak a few words over his bier I would not do so, for when those I love come to die, I am so overcome with emotion I cannot trust myself to speak. Dying he made another request and that was that he be buried in Texas earth. If every man whom he has thrilled with his genius and personality and every child whom he has inspired with confidence or whose wavering spirit he has sustained with a word of courage could scatter upon his grave a handful of earth before this sad day has ended his mortal remains would sleep beneath a virgin mountain into which they would diffuse and be consumed in the fullness of God's own time.

"And the majestic pile would be symbolic of the man whose too brief stay among his fellows, we have come to lament with lame and insufficient words and with hearts so wounded with poignant grief, for from its base would spring limpid brooks that would sing their way through meadows fragrant with blossoming flowers to lannerous oceans await for their joyous coming and at its summit would rest an eagle with pinnions of steel folded to his body weary with the conflict with the fierce elemental forces of nature, looking into the face of fate, or destiny with clear eye and dauntless courage—not defiantly but serenely as becomes the brave.

"Clay Clement was that noblest thing on land or sea—a brave man. He was a type, a law and a philosophy unto himself. He moved and had his being in an orbit fashioned by no act of mediocrity, but by the great master of the Universe who now and then kindles the fierce fire of genius in the souls of men and compels them to stand apart from their fellows. Such men in every age of the world have flashed like meteors through the firmament but they have achieved and they have made the world's history lighted its beacon fires and written its civilization, art, romance and chivalry. Of such was the man whose mortal remains we are now gathered about.

"He achieved. His character portrayed in 'The New Dominion' was an unconscious revelation of his own broadly generous and chivalric nature—a nature in which a flavor of romance as wholesome as the kiss of a morning sun that resurrects some fruitful valley from a night of slumber. When I heard that Clay Clement was going to produce 'Sam Houston' in American drama, I hailed the an-

nouncement with a thrill of patriotic life, although I feared for the success of the venture from a theatrical standpoint. I have seen the critics tear and rend genius and drive it in despair from the stage. And then again I have seen them exalt the inartistic and frivolous and convert such productions into mines of gold. But that Clay Clement would construct a 'Sam Houston' that would be a living, breathing, reincarnation of the marvelous man in whose genius was built the republic of Texas, I had no doubt. I had read every scrap of history available about the man of San Jacinto and pored over every illuminating circumstance of his marvelous and semi-mysterious nature. I knew Clay Clement. He had been my intimate. I knew his varying moods and have looked into his glorious face when genius cast its glow upon it. I knew his dynamic intellectual impulse. His tumultuous and riotous temperament, angry, he was grand as a thunderstorm, tearing at primeval oaks or fighting the granite cliffs of rockbound shores. When at peace he was serene and glorious as an undulating field of grain all golden into the harvest. Therefore I knew that when Clay Clement's Sam Houston stepped from the hot forge of his creative brain that it would be a living Sam Houston. And so it was.

"Sam Houston had founded an empire in the midst of a continent. He was the type of man to inspire a genius such as Clay Clement was, because the universal Master had so created Clement that he was equipped in temperament and personality to construct an empire in the dominion of the American drama.

"Farewell Clay, to that which was mortal to you—a sad and reluctant farewell, but to that which is immortal we bid you but a short good-bye, for we shall join you in God's own time in that mysterious realm from which no explorer has returned, where there is no shame, no mockery, no creed, but where only the master passes judgment and Christ, who founded an empire upon love and sympathy is the only advocate.

"Yes. Good-bye. You put your big soul in the 'Drainman' in 'The Servant in the House' and that counted for peace when the curtain fell.

"I know of no more fitting words with which to close these halting remarks than with the coinage of your own brain when the shadow of death was upon you:

"Some born to Live
And live to die;
Some die for love
And love to die."

The services were attended by quite a number of Mr. Clement's friends in Paris, both members and those who were not members of the Elks order. It was impressive even though the funeral march was through a heavy downpour of rain which lasted until after the party left the cemetery.

CLAY CLEMENT IS STRICKEN AND DIES AT KANSAS CITY, MO.

Actor, Dramatist, and Short Story
Writer Succumbs to Sudden Attack
of Uræmic Poisoning.

Kansas City, Mo., Feb. 21.—Clay Clement, actor, dramatist, and writer of short stories, died suddenly at the University hospital here at 10:30 this morning of uræmic poisoning.

Mr. Clement finished a week's engagement at a local theater Saturday night. He had not been feeling well and decided to remain here over Sunday. Early today he was seized with convulsions and was hurried to the hospital. Soon he became unconscious and died twenty minutes later.

Clay Clement was born in Woodford county, Ill., Dec. 31, 1863. After being graduated from the University of Chicago he read law in Chicago.

Mr. Clement became an actor in 1884 and became a successful playwright as well as a star. His most notable production was "The New Dominion," in which he took the star part. Other pieces produced by him were "A Southern Gentleman" and "Ping Pong." Mr. Clement dramatized "In Hampton Roads," and later, with John McGovern and Jesse Edison, he produced "Sam Houston."

Mr. Clement's last appearance upon the stage was Saturday night as "The Drain Man" in "The Servant in the House" at the Willis Wood. Despite the fact that the actor had not been in the best physical condition during the engagement here, his performance was stamped by local critics as remarkable.

LOUIS A. GEIGER IS DEAD

Well Known Citizen Succumbs to Several Month's Illness at Age of 78 Years.

Louis A. Geiger, died at 1:20 o'clock this afternoon from chronic cystitis and a complication of diseases at his home at 636 South Main street after an illness of several months. He was seventy-eight years old at the time of his death and had lived in Ottawa three and a half years, having moved here from Wolcott, Ind. He was a member of the Methodist church.

The decedent is survived by his wife, Mrs. Rachel Geiger and two sons, Eugene W. Geiger, of Ottawa, and B. F. Geiger, of El Campo, Tex. Both sons were here at the time of his death. The decedent is the last of a family of twelve boys. He formerly served as mayor of his home town, El Paso, Ill.

Funeral services will be held at the late home of the decedent tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock. Services will be in charge of Dr. John Maclean, pastor of the First Methodist church and Rev. J. M. Douglass, pastor of the First Presbyterian church. The pallbearers will be Eugene Geiger and B. F. Geiger, sons of the decedent, and Charles Geiger and Lewis C. Geiger, grandsons of the decedent. The body will be shipped tomorrow afternoon to Paxton, Ill., for burial. The two sons of the decedent will accompany the remains to Paxton. Owing to her weakened condition, Mrs. Geiger wife of the decedent, will not go to Illinois with the remains.

CLAY CLEMENT DEAD.

Former El Paso Man Summoned—Had National Reputation as an Actor.

—Clay Clement, a native of Woodford county, and also a man who was born and reared in this immediate community, died quite suddenly at a Kansas City hospital Monday morning at 10:30 o'clock, of uraemic poisoning, at the age of 46. He was also recognized as a dramatist and writer of short stories. He was born December 31, 1863, on a farm northwest of this city, and was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Christian Geiger, both deceased. He is survived by one brother, J. T. Geiger, of this city. A sister, Mrs. Josephine Baker, died a number of years ago.

It was Clement's first intention to become an attorney and after graduating from the university of Chicago he read law in that city. In 1884 he became an actor and successful playwright as well as star. His most notable work was "The New Dominion," in which he starred in 1900. He also wrote and produced "Sam Houston," and in this he associated with him John McGovern and Jesse Edison. Clement also dramatized "In Hampton Roads," and from time to time appeared in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "The Bells," "The Southern Gentleman" and "Ping Pong." At the time he was stricken fatally ill he was with the Henry Miller Associated Players' com-

MRS. HOWARD BAKER DEAD.

Wife of a Former Well-Known Resident of Seattle Passes Away in Chicago.

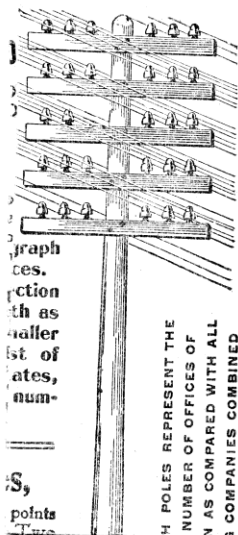
News was received in this city yesterday of the death of Mrs. Howard W. Baker, wife of a formerly well-known resident of this city. Mrs. Baker's death occurred in Chicago on April 10, 1906.

Mrs. Baker was a sister of Clay Clement, the well-known actor. She was married in San Francisco in 1894, while Mr. Baker was a resident of Seattle. For two years and a half Mr. and Mrs. Baker made their home in this city, but in 1896 they removed to Chicago, where Mr. Baker's father, W. T. Baker, is a prominent capitalist. Charles H. Baker, of the Snoqualmie Falls Power Company, is a brother of Mr. Howard Baker.

For sometime Mrs. Baker had been suffering with an intestinal trouble, and her death was not unexpected. She was 50 years of age. Seattle people will remember Mrs. Baker as a very beautiful and accomplished woman, who was very popular during her residence in this city. Her brother, Clay Clement, is at present in Australia, playing an engagement with the Nance O'Neill company. *Age 38 yrs.*

pany, giving a most notable impersonation of the difficult character of the "Drain Man" in "The Servant of the House."

Mr. Clement was married three times, being survived by his third wife, who was Miss Kathleen Kerrigan, an actress, the wedding taking place in Chicago. Mrs. Clement has retired from active stage life, but nevertheless traveled with her husband. The interment of his remains took place in Paris, Tex., where his farm is.



SEE OTHER SIDE

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Form No. 1516. **CABLE MESSAGE.**
THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.
 INCORPORATED
 All CABLE MESSAGES received for transmission must be written on the form provided by this Company for that purpose, under and subject to the conditions printed thereon, and on the back hereof, which conditions have been agreed to by the sender of the following message.
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 BRISTOL: Bechoff Chambers.
RECEIVED at 420
 39 00 0 US Sydney 12
 Giger
 William T Baker
 CHICAGO
 Lay Josie beside mother cover violets
 Clement
 5:44am.
Telegram from Clay Clement Sydney Australia

Form 1. **THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.**
 INCORPORATED
24,000 OFFICES IN AMERICA. CABLE SERVICE TO ALL THE WORLD.
 This Company TRANSMITS and DELIVERS messages only on conditions limiting its liability, which have been assented to by the sender of the following message. Errors can be guarded against only by repeating a message back to the sending station for comparison, and the Company will not hold itself liable for errors or delays in transmission or delivery of Unrepeated Messages, beyond the amount of tolls paid thereon, nor in any case where the claim is not presented in writing with a sixty days after the message is filed with the Company for transmission.
ROBERT C. CLOWRY, President and General Manager.
 NUMBER SENT BY RECEIVED BY CHECK
 420 16 Paris
RECEIVED at 110 am 190
 Dated 11/22
 To Julian Singer
 Clay Clement died in
 Kan city yesterday
 A K Kallmesworth

Clay loved his sister as the endearing telegram on left shows. She adored him and she may have initially collected many of the clippings.

Form 1. **THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.**
 INCORPORATED
24,000 OFFICES IN AMERICA. CABLE SERVICE TO ALL THE WORLD.
 This Company TRANSMITS and DELIVERS messages only on conditions limiting its liability, which have been assented to by the sender of the following message. Errors can be guarded against only by repeating a message back to the sending station for comparison, and the Company will not hold itself liable for errors or delays in transmission or delivery of Unrepeated Messages, beyond the amount of tolls paid thereon, nor in any case where the claim is not presented in writing with a sixty days after the message is filed with the Company for transmission.
ROBERT C. CLOWRY, President and General Manager.
 NUMBER SENT BY RECEIVED BY CHECK
 420 16 Paris
RECEIVED at 206 pm 190
 Dated 11/22
 To Julian Singer
 Clements dying Request was
 Be Buried in Paris and willing
 Coming I will go there
 too Love
 Karra

The telegram from Karra confirms her presence at his deathbed

STATE OF MICHIGAN.
Affidavit for License to Marry.

State of Michigan, } ss. 12 67 1906
County of Berrien

Clement L. Geiger, an applicant for a license for marriage between himself and Kate Kerrigan, being duly sworn, deposes and says that he is acquainted with the laws of Michigan relative to marriage, as printed upon the back of this blank; that there is no legal impediment to the marriage of himself and the other person named; and that to the best of his knowledge and belief the following statements are true:

Full name <u>(MALE)</u> <u>Clement L. Geiger</u>	Full name <u>(FEMALE)</u> <u>Kate Kerrigan</u>
Age at last birthday <u>42</u> years.	Age at last birthday <u>28</u> years.
White, Black, Mulatto, Indian, Etc. <u>W</u>	White, Black, Mulatto, Indian, Etc. <u>W</u>
Residence <u>Paris, Texas</u>	Residence <u>New Albany Ind.</u>
Birthplace <u>Illinois</u>	Birthplace <u>Kentucky</u>
Occupation <u>Roughman</u>	Occupation <u>Wrote a book</u>
Father's name <u>Christian</u>	Father's name <u>John</u>
Mother's maiden name <u>Sarah Young</u>	Mother's maiden name <u>Sarah McLean</u>
Number of times previously married <u>once</u>	Number of times previously married <u>once</u>
	Maiden Name of Bride if a Widow <u>Kerrigan</u>

Sworn and subscribed to before me, a Deputy County Clerk and for Berrien County, Michigan, this 30th day of Sept 1906
Bernard L. Minnis

(Name of Clergyman or Magistrate.) (Residence.)

Name: Clement L. Geiger
Age: 33
Birth Year (Estimated): 1864
Birth Date: 1864
Spouse's Name: [Karra Kenwyn](#)
Spouse's Age: 26
Spouse's Birth Year (Estimated): 1871
Spouse's Birth Date: 1871
License Type: Marriage
Event Date: 20 Jul 1897
Event Place: Chicago, Cook, Illinois
Additional Relatives: X
GS Film number: [1030276](#) , Digital Folder Number: [4270474](#) ,
Image Number: 1242 , Reference ID: cn 265396
Original image not available

<u>Claude Geiger</u>		Born in <u>Sebanon Ohio</u>
<u>19 May of May</u>		A. D. 18 <u>77</u> , Residing at <u>New York City</u>
Occupation <u>Actor</u>		
Related by blood or marriage to the person whom he desires to marry <u>not</u>		
<u>Not</u> Married before		
<u>Mary E. Lay</u>		Born in <u>Holland Station, N.D.</u> on the
<u>9th of November</u>		A. D. 18 <u>78</u> , Residing at <u>Holland Station, N.D.</u>
Occupation <u>Actress</u>		
<u>Not</u> Married before		
Marriage License issued <u>Oct. 15, 1909</u>		
Consent of	Residing at	Filed
Married at <u>Cottleville Pa</u> <u>10/16th 1909</u> by <u>Rev James A. Krollman</u>		
Duplicate Certificate returned <u>10/15. 1909</u>		

Official Documents

Matti A Marshall, "Illinois, County Marriages, 1810-1934"

Name: [Clement L Geiger](#)
Titles and Terms: Mr
Event Type: Marriage
Event Date: 04 Jul 1886
Event Place: Kane, Illinois, United States
Age: 22
Birth Year (Estimated): 1864
Father's Name: [Christian Geiger](#)
Father's Titles and Terms:
Mother's Name: [Sarah Young](#)
Mother's Titles and Terms:
Spouse's Name: Matti A Marshall
Spouse's Titles and Terms:
Spouse's Age: 22
Spouse's Birth Year (Estimated): 1864
Spouse's Father's Name: [Joseph L Marshall](#)
Spouse's Father's Titles and Terms:
Spouse's Mother's Name: [Mary E Wilson](#)
Spouse's Mother's Titles and Terms:
Reference ID:
GS Film number: 1480749
Digital Folder Number: 004708104
Image Number: 00151
Image not available

State of Pennsylvania, Ab.
in the County of Lancaster

by Marriage of Louis A. Geiger
and Rachel Warfel
by Louis A. Geiger
Christian
Catharine
Farmer
Middle Paxton Twp. Dauphin Co.
Same
Rachel Warfel
Jacob
Esther
1st day of June 1884
Cornetopa Township
White
Lutheran Church
Rev John J. Strine
City of Lancaster
J. J. Strine
June 1st 1884
27th July 1884
J. W. Strine filed, Oct. 1894

The marriage license of Claudius Geiger & Mary Frey has a different birth record for him than is often quoted, but it agrees with the WWI draft registration. Playbills quote Greentree, KY, but that place can not be found so it may have been made up to appear more exotic.

Martha Ann Marshall is a bit of an enigma. The 1870, NY 1875, 1880 census records record her as Martha, but the marriage license has her as “Matti A”. The Ohio County Death records have her as “Martha A. Geiger”. There is a death record for Jan 22, 1887 in Cincinnati and also a notice in the Jan 29 Bourbon News that says that “Madeline Marshall divorced wife of Clay Clement died Monday in Cincinnati”. There is no evidence of a divorce, so they were just separated. Clay remarried later that year. Her birth certificate cannot be located but the 1970 census has her born in 1864 in NY. She has various advertisements in Cincinnati papers during the 1880 under the name Matti Marshall. She used “Matti Marshall” as her stage name in advertisements, but may have used Madeleine for some engagements.

Theatrical Notices for Matti Marshall

Apr 9 New York Clipper – Matti Marshall who was with the No. 2 “Barrel of Money” Co., has joined the no. 1 Co., playing the lead

Mar 1, 1887 The New York Mirror – legal notice with both Clay Clement and Matti Marshall

Aug 15, 1891 – The New York Dramatic Mirror – “Matti Marshall Versatile actress, or Comic Opera. Station A, Cincinnati, O.

Aug 22, 1891 same as Aug 15

Oct 3, 1891 – The New York Dramatic Mirror – “Matti Marshall Juvenile leads or light comedy, Legitimate of melodrama Station A, Cincinnati O”

Oct 17, 1891 same advertisement as on Oct 3

Feb 6, 1897 The New York Dramatic Mirror –notice Died. “Matti Marshall (Mrs. Clay Clement) in Cincinnati, on Jan 22, of diphtheria, aged 28 years.”

Mar 11, 1894 Nebraska State Journal - With Plays and Players

[With Plays and Players | Willa Cather Archive \(unl.edu\)](#)

“Clay Clement:

Clement Geiger (1864-1910) was born near El Paso, Illinois. He went to the University of Chicago to study law, but was drawn to the stage, changing his name to Clay Clement. He married actress Madeleine Marshall, and they had a son, Claudius Geiger (named for the role his father was playing at the time; young Claudius also changed his name to Clay Clement when he became an actor on the stage and in Hollywood). Clay Clement was successful as actor, manager, and playwright; he toured America and Australia in his own productions, the most successful of which was *The New Dominion*, and in Shakespearean roles.

Clement married actress Madeleine (Matti) Marshall (1867-1897), and they had a son, Claudius Geiger (1888-1956), named for the role his father was playing at the time; young Claudius also changed his name to Clay Clement when he became an actor; he had a long career on Broadway and in films, and was one of the founding members of the Screen Actors Guild. After Marshall’s death, Clement married Karra Kerwyn and actress Kathleen Kerrigan (1869-1957).”